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# Realism or Catastrophe

PEKING'S reply to the U.N. proposals is that a cease-fire before discussion is out of the question. It must be admitted that generals seldom do wish to call off a successful offensive so that the enemy is given the chance of strengthening his position while the terms are under discussion. Chinese suspicions may well have been increased by the promise of General Collins, after his visit to Tokyo, that fresh divisions would soon be ready for Korea. On the other hand, the Chinese are prepared to begin negotiations on terms. They suggest that the Peoples Republic of China, the U.S.S.R., Britain, United States, France, India and Egypt, should take part. The New China would take its proper place on the United Nations and proposals would be discussed for the removal of all foreign troops from Korea and the withdrawal of the United States forces from Formosa. The changed balance of power in the world is indicated by the suggestion that negotiations should take place in China.

Mr. Nehru's comment is that this reply by no means closes the door to negotiation. Mr. Acheson, on the other hand, denounces it as a contemptuous flouting of America and demands that the United Nations should proceed forthwith to name China as an aggressor. From this, apparently, would follow the organization of full-scale or "limited" war on China. The attitude, we believe, of the great bulk of the British people and the Commonwealth is that, while deeply regretting that China has not helped peace by saving the Western face in Korea, war against China would be a ridiculous and indeed an insane undertaking. The experts talk of a war that would last twenty years; clearly atom bombs could create new deserts in China; millions of people could be killed. This would not win Asia from Communism; on the contrary, almost the whole of Asia would be ranged on China's side. Such a war would not salvage the United Nations; on the contrary, it would complete its destruction. It would have the incidental result of leaving Europe wide open to Soviet pressure and would shatter into fragments the unity of the Western World.

### Commonwealth Lead

The British Commonwealth is the only group of Powers strong enough to maintain a political position which is independent of both the American and Communist blocs. The Premiers have met at an opportune moment and have played a most valuable part. Their concluding resolution is criticised as vague, but its general trend was clear enough to rouse to fury the more extreme sections of the American press. It emphasised the need for understanding other countries before you either condemn them or make peace with them; it emphasised the world importance of the awakening of Asia. It pointed out that peace-making is not always to be brushed aside as appeasement, and that the Western Powers must be ready at any time for frank discussion with Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. In short, while emphasising its loyalty to the United Nations, the Commonwealth refused to indulge in the clichés which turn Lake Success from a centre of peace-making into a propaganda platform for war; it rejected the temptation of talking big about "collective security" when the facts are that one half of the world is divided against the other, and it attempted to create an atmosphere in which peace is at least possible. No wonder the Republican press of the United States was angry. It might detect the voice of Mr. Nehru in the Resolution, but how condemn it as "starry-eyed" when it was signed by such indispensable allies of the United States as the Premiers of Canada and Australia?

### Cease-Fire Resolution

The cease-fire Resolution had been moved by the Canadian Foreign Minister in the U.N. Political Committee and approved by a vote of 50 to 7. It was then sent to Peking in the hope that it was an acceptable basis for consultation on a cease-fire. Its proposals for action to follow the cessation of hostilities were positive, though deliberately vague in phraseology. It proposed that all non-Korean forces should be withdrawn from Korea "by appropriate stages"; that pending arrangements for the Korean people freely to express their will in respect of their future government, Korea should be administered temporarily "in accordance with the U.N. principles"; and that, following a cease-fire, the Assembly should set up an "appropriate body," on which representatives of the U.K., U.S.A., U.S.S.R., and the Peoples Republic of China should sit, "with a view to the achievement of a settlement, in conformity with existing international obligations and the provisions of the U.N. Charter, of Far Eastern

problems, including among others those of Formosa and of the representation of China in the United Nations.

### Cabinet Reconstruction

Personalities apart, the Cabinet changes announced this week should strengthen the machinery of government. The transfer of housing from the heavily burdened Ministry of Health to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning is a more logical allocation of responsibilities. Mr. Dalton, we trust, will be sensible of the need to ensure that, as intermediary between Whitehall and the local authorities (over which he is to have "general oversight") his Ministry does not impede local initiative by excessive interference from the centre. Mr. Isaac's statement to the Prime Minister, that he would willingly be relieved of his onerous duties at the Ministry of Labour, is, we are sure, sincere. Succeeding him, after five long years of organising both the housing programme and the new Health Service, Mr. Bevan takes on a tough job. In addition to the formidable problem of dealing with wage-claims stimulated by rising prices, he will have to cope with demands, unprecedented in peace-time, for manpower in munitions and the Services alike.

### Germany—West and East

Dr. Adenauer has not so far replied to the proposal, made to him by Herr Grotewohl last November, that there should be a meeting to discuss the political unification of Germany. At a press conference, however, on Monday the Federal Chancellor made a statement which is presumably to be regarded as an indirect answer to East Germany's Premier. That is, he attacked with vigour the policy and propaganda of Eastern Germany. The Eastern law, passed recently for "the protection of peace," was an instrument of terror; the growth of the Alert Detachments showed that the Eastern Zone administration was "a tool serving foreign designs, a menace to the German people"; the Federal Government would never discuss unity with people who were unwilling unconditionally to guarantee civil liberties and political freedom.

Many Germans will be disappointed if Dr. Adenauer makes no further effort to elucidate the nature of the "concessions" at which Herr Grotewohl recently hinted. Is he, for instance, prepared to waive the claim to parity of the East in the Constituent Assembly preceding all-German elections? It is no doubt wise of Dr. Adenauer to mark time; but, in doing so, he gives the impression of stamping his feet.

### Mr. Truman Mobilises

In his Economic Report to Congress, Mr. Truman laid down the pattern of U.S. mobilisation; his Budget Message fills in the details. The immediate target is a Service strength of 3½ million men by June, together with the supplies necessary both to equip this force and to provide munitions for America's allies. The size of the programme has evidently surprised economic-minded Congressmen. It is some undertaking to increase the tax revenue by 30 per cent.—it may be even more difficult to add 80 per cent. to last year's expenditure without stimulating serious inflation. Yet Mr. Truman proposes to spend nearly as much on armament ($41 billion) as the entire previous Budget. He concedes that a $71 billion Budget will need controls, wage and price freezes and sharp cuts in civilian standards; but there is no evidence that this job is being tackled in a coherent or satisfactory fashion, for all the talk there has been in Washington. The President's economic advisers are clearly hoping that a steady rise in productivity will take care of some inflationary pressures.

### Nepal and Tibet

The Nepalese Premier's statement last week owes a great deal to Indian diplomacy. King Tribhuvana is to be restored to the throne, and can appoint a Regent to take his place until he decides to return to Khatmandu. A Constituent Assembly will be summoned to decide the future constitution of the country "not later than 1952"; meanwhile there is to be an interim Government of fourteen, including seven representatives of the people. An amnesty will be given to all political prisoners after arms have been laid down and there will be no future restriction on the formation of political parties.

This encouraging development illustrates the need for the West to pay heed to India on Asian issues, of which Tibet is another example. The Indian Government had hoped that the Dalai Lama, an intelligent young man of 16, would stay in Lhasa where, they believed, he could make perfectly reasonable terms with the Chinese Communists. But the frightened weakness of the Regent and the anti-Communist pressure of the rich Lhasa nobles who surround him led to his departure; and he is now within a few miles of the Indian frontier. The Tibetan Delegation to the United Nations is too uncertain of its case to proceed further; and the roads out of Lhasa have been crowded with mules carrying fantastic wealth, gold and silver and precious jewels. Nothing could have suited the Communists better. In Lhasa they are gaining more support from the poor, who have witnessed the flight of the nobles; and many of the younger Lamas now openly support Communism. They also have a trump card in their hands: the Panchen Lama expressed his allegiance to the Government in Peking a year ago, since when the Chinese have mobilised support in the Eastern Provinces.

### Schuman Plan: Last Stage

The Schuman Plan seems now, after a long period of argument behind the scenes, to have reached something like a final shape. It goes much less far from the original draft in respect of the powers conferred on the International Authority, which is for the present to be mainly a body controlling capital investment from sources outside the industries themselves—that is, in the main, from the United States. Dual pricing of coal and steel is to be abolished within the area covered by the agreement—France, Belgium, Holland, Western Germany, Italy and Luxembourg—but the French have insisted on the exclusion of Algeria, though they have agreed to keep Italy supplied with cheap Algerian ore. The remaining point of dispute concerns the decartelisation of the German industries, to which the Germans object. They retain the right to import Swedish ore freely and have also in effect won their case for the abolition of the present International Ruhr Authority as soon as the new plan comes into force. Plans for control over distribution of coal and steel and for unification of wages have seemingly been dropped.

### The Miners' New Terms

The agreement, confirmed at York, between the Coal Board and N.U.M. Executive reflects the urgent need for more output. Whether the substantial wage concessions to workers employed on day-wages will be effective in checking the industry's loss of man-power remains to be seen: at all events, the main wage grievances have now been met, except that many miners object strongly to the system under which payment for a "bonus shift" is restricted to those who have put in a full five-shift week. The institution of pensions, the details of which have still to be worked out, should have a good effect; and the second week's holiday in the year, which cannot be granted now because of the effect on output, has been definitely promised. In return, the N.U.M. pledges itself to do its best to reduce absenteeism and to stop unofficial strikes, and also to facilitate the introduction of foreign labour where real shortages exist, and the re-assessment of working tasks contemplated in the 1947 "five-shift" agreement. All this looks like an improvement in relations between the N.U.M. and the Coal Board: the crux is now pit relations.

# No Revolution at the B.B.C.

THOSE who feared or hoped that the Beveridge Committee would propose revolutionary changes in the British way of broadcasting will give a sigh of relief, or disappointment, as they read the Report published this week. Though their admiration for the B.B.C. in its present form is not starry-eyed, and various critical comments are followed by proposals for reform, the majority of the Committee reaffirm what may be described as the doctrine of Lord Reith—that broadcasting has a social purpose; that the fulfilment of that (largely educational) purpose necessitates excluding from its control commercial interests whose aim would be simply to attract the greatest number of listeners; and that for reasons both of policy and administrative efficiency the B.B.C. should remain, as at present, a single chartered authority financed by a revenue from listeners' licences.

One member of the Committee, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, M.P., dissents. In a Minority Report he objects to the exercise by the B.B.C. of the "brute force of monopoly," a Reithian principle which he regards as undemocratic and discrepant from the policy on which Britain prides itself in relation to the freedom of the press. Mr. Lloyd, however, fails to carry any of his colleagues with him in his advocacy of an alternative plan under which independent commercial undertakings should be licensed to compete

with the B.B.C. on the air, deriving their revenue from "sponsors."

It may be open to argument whether the Majority Report succeeds in rebutting ideologically Mr. Lloyd's argument that, whereas a free press is essential to democracy, it is equally democratic to place broadcasting in the hands of a paternalistic monopoly which claims the right to give the public not necessarily what it wants but what it thinks is good for them. "We believe," say the Majority, "that this doctrine would be accepted by popular vote if the matter could fairly be put to the test." That may be so; but the case against commercial broadcasting really rests on the conviction that catering purely for mass appetite would result in a lowering of standards.

Democracy, however, is not to be confused with "mobocracy"; and, from a pragmatic standpoint, we welcome and endorse the Majority conclusion that broadcasting should be regarded as a public service and not as the sale of a popular commodity. We are convinced that to commercialise broadcasting would be to degrade it; indeed, we are surprised that the Chairman and two of his colleagues should have declared themselves in favour of allowing the B.B.C., at its discretion, to sell time on the air to advertisers—the thin end of a very dangerous wedge. Moreover, questions of taste apart, the history of "sponsoring" in the U.S. does nothing to support the contention that competitive commercial broadcasting, dominated by wealthy advertisers, makes for real freedom of expression or protection of minority opinion. As for the spur of competition, which some witnesses before the Committee sought to provide by proposing the establishment of two or three rival public corporations, the Report dismisses any such plan on the score of cost and loss of organisational efficiency.

Having reached these conclusions, the Committee recognise that they pose a large question:

> How can a body with a monopoly of broadcasting be prevented from developing the faults of complacency, injustice, favouritism? How can it have the springs of diversity, continuing initiative and experiment ineradicably implanted in it?

Lord Beveridge and his colleagues are rightly apprehensive of the dangers involved in allowing the B.B.C. to develop as a huge uncontrolled bureaucracy. They dismiss as impolitic and impracticable the idea that Parliament should exercise more detailed control over the Corporation. The remedy, they urge, must be sought by ensuring that the Governors should function as "the channel for informed democratic control of broadcasting." To this end they propose that the new Charter, which (they recommend) should be given to the B.B.C. without a time-limit, should give the Governors "unfettered control of the staff and all its activities"; and they make the specific suggestion that the hierarchy of the Corporation should be extended to include a Public Representation Director, whose function should be to absorb criticism from outside Broadcasting House and generally to assist the Governors in maintaining a systematic critical review of policies and programmes. This suggestion is interesting; but the status of the Director, as one of the Director-General's lieutenants yet required to act as the Governors' critical adviser, would be somewhat anomalous. Should not his appointment be in the hands of a Minister—possibly the Lord President?

For the rest, the Committee rightly emphasise the need for "administrative devolution" in the case of the new and different technique of television—though they regard TV as "an extension of broadcasting" and do not favour its development by a separate Corporation. They advise that methods of staff recruitment should be brought more into line with best University practice—a commendable reform. They stress the value of "lively controversy" no less than "impartiality"; and they propose that the monolithic structure of the B.B.C. should be diversified by the appointment of Commissioners, aided by strengthened local Advisory Councils, to administer the Scots, Welsh and Northern Irish Regions, with block grants at their disposal. The efficacy of this devolution might be restricted to some extent by the Report's acceptance of the principle that there should be one single Establishment for the whole Corporation; but, where nationalism is a strong influence, even this partial autonomy should lead to changes in programme policy.

Finally, the Report suggests briefly and tentatively that V.H.F. ("Very High Frequency") developments might permit the operation of local broadcasting programmes controlled by "Universities or local authorities or public service organisations." The Report does not go into the question what "organisations" should be licensed; and seems indeed to contemplate that the determining authority should be the B.B.C. itself. This will not satisfy those who contend, as this journal has repeatedly done, that opportunity should be given for opinion excluded from the national air at any rate to reach limited local audiences.

In short, the Beveridge Committee has done a good job in the sense that the B.B.C., for the first time, has been treated to an exhaustive review of its structure, finances and performance. But, though the Committee has rightly set its face against the commercialisation of broadcasting, it has tended to run away from the problem how, in terms of organisation and daily practice, monopoly is to be saved from imposing on the air—to the exclusion of the "unpopular" or heterodox view— too large a measure of respectable uniformity.

# Deadlock in Kashmir

NOTHING makes any difference to the plain fact about Kashmir that Jammu in the south is now part of India, that Poonch and the mountain areas of the north are in effect incorporated in Pakistan, and that Sir Owen Dixon merely told the truth, which has from the start been obvious to any detached observer, that the dispute should only arise over the Kashmir Valley. In public the Premiers of India and Pakistan have throughout been engaged in a game of avoiding these facts and of manoeuvring to put the other in the wrong for the benefit of their own people. Delhi's strongest case is that India did once, in private, express readiness to accept the necessary partition. This week in London Liaquat Ali Khan again dismissed any such proposal.

For the most part India's attitude is lofty and legalistic. Since the Maharajah of Kashmir formerly adhered to India, Delhi argues, her agreement to have a plebiscite is merely a graceful concession. Pakistan committed an act of aggression by allowing the tribesmen to enter the Vale, and they were only stopped by India's intervention from plundering and burning Srinagar and the whole area in which Sheik Abdullah holds effective sway. This is true, but to-day as irrelevant to a settlement as the rape and murder committed by the Sikhs and Dogras in Poonch and Jammu. Pakistan bases its case on the even less admissible argument that Kashmir is overwhelmingly Muslim and should, therefore, belong to Pakistan. Nehru rightly refuses this communal claim, which would destroy the secular character of India in which some 40 million Muslims live as citizens with the same rights as Hindus. Where Pakistan's case would be strongest—if it accepted the need for partition and regional plebiscites—is in having agreed to proposals which, as Liaquat Ali Khan revealed this week, were made by the Commonwealth Premiers for the withdrawal of troops and the policing of Kashmir during the plebiscite. No one will be impressed by Pandit Nehru's contention that, since Pakistan is an aggressor, she should not have the same rights to retain troops in Kashmir or to share in its administration. This is a particularly dangerous argument for Nehru who has adopted a realistic and common-sense attitude to the charge of aggression by the Chinese in Korea.

Neither India nor Pakistan can afford this game of threats and skirmishes. Liaquat is beset from all sides by patriotic Muslims and Nehru by contending Hindu factions. Pakistan is spending its limited resources on military preparations, squandering its prestige by threats to leave the Commonwealth and to seek help from the Soviet Union for an all-Muslim crusade. India, now facing famine conditions, is diverted by the cold war in Kashmir from fulfilling any of the promises made by Congress to raise the standard of living of the Indian peasant and to carry out those economic and social reforms which were to follow the end of Western Imperialism. The lawyers wrangle and violent exponents of extremist doctrines sharpen their knives. Terrified citizens prepare for the miseries of further mass migrations, and the fanatical Premier of the North West Province, who was originally responsible for encouraging the tribesmen to invade Kashmir in 1947, is again threatening fire and slaughter and "holy war." The Kashmir issue now returns to the Security Council, which may reasonably expect a positive contribution from Mr. Nehru, since he has rejected the suggestions of the Commonwealth Premiers for policing the plebiscite. He has, however, left a door open; he is likely to address the Indian Assembly on the subject of Kashmir and may, he hints, have something more to say about the Premiers' proposals. We hope he will be constructive.

# Men Governing on Merseyside

Down by Garston Docks, Mr. McCarthy (christened William Bronterre, but now, with sixty hard-bitten years on him, known more simply to his mates as "Ould Bill") spat reflectively towards the westering, watery sun. "It always wus, and always will be, the same for us chaps," he averred: "three on the hook and three on the book." This definition of a normal working week—three days of employment (bale-grabbing "hook" in hand) and three on "the Labour"—was a classic phrase of the dockers in pre-war Liverpool; and Mr. McCarthy, who is not a registered docker now but has spent most of his life on the various porterage jobs attached to sea-borne commerce, meant that, so far as he and his kind were concerned, he was pessimistic about the Merseyside employment outlook. I put to him some of the encouraging impressions I had derived from official figures and projects; but he would have none of it. "A bit better, mebbe, for the young 'uns. But for the likes of us—Development Area plans? Development, my arse." The tones were unmistakably those of scorn for all "men governing."

In fairness to the various authorities responsible for economic planning and the utilisation of manpower on the Merseyside, let me hasten to say that Mr. McCarthy was taking, as you may have suspected, a narrow view. Even before Liverpool, Birkenhead and some satellite Urban Districts were scheduled as a Development Area in March, 1949, the general picture of Merseyside employment had changed beyond recognition from the inter-war days, when over 80,000 were consistently on the dole. In 1938 there were 372,000 persons at work; in 1948 the (strictly comparable) figure was 424,000. Dunlops and English Electric had installed themselves in big ex-munition plants at Speke and Kirby; numerous smaller enterprises had been established in the industrial estates which had been started by Liverpool Corporation as long ago as 1936 at Speke and Fazakerley, and in Lever Brothers' Bromborough Estate on the South bank of the river. All the same, the figure of unemployed was still fluctuating—according to season—between 25,000 and nearly 30,000. Not a high percentage in an area whose total population is 1,230,000, of whom 600,000 at least are gainfully employed; but sufficiently worse than the national average to persuade the Government that further positive steps must be taken if Merseyside were to live up to the conception of full employment. Hence, nearly two years ago, the planners for the North-western Region found themselves with one more Development Area on their hands—an area whose population includes Mr. William Bronterre McCarthy. Fortunately it also includes, in its labour force, a considerably smaller proportion of elderly men than does the rest of the country.

Two years is too short a time in which to judge what the regional office of the Board of Trade will eventually do for its new child: enterprises can only be attracted gradually, and many months are bound to elapse between the clearing of a factory site and the first pay-day for a full complement of workers. In the South Lancs. D.A., "adopted" in 1946, the back of the unemployment problem—created by decline in coal-mining and local iron and steel—was quickly broken by British Celanese expansion and other new enterprises. But Merseyside was a tougher nut to crack. Never much of a manufacturing area, its pre-war industries were confined largely to processing certain imports such as sugar and oil-seeds; and its labour force, attracted in the nineteenth century to a booming port whose activity never fully recovered from the first world war and its aftermath of shrunken international trade, tended—the shipyard workers apart—to lack specialised mechanical skills. A somewhat jaundiced article in the *Manchester Guardian* recently deplored the extent to which skill is "going to waste" through unemployment on the Merseyside. I could find little in the records of "lodged books" to justify this thesis. The task is rather to reduce, in the Area, the high proportion of semi-skilled and unskilled; and that task is being tackled with vigour and, already, with some success.

For the purpose of attracting industries to Development Areas the Board of Trade has power to acquire land and build factories for letting to approved enterprises. So far, since March, 1949, two new sites, of 20 and 28 acres respectively, have been acquired at Birkenhead and Huyton. Three factories, which should eventually employ 400 men and 420 women, are well on the way to completion at Birkenhead—their prospective tenants being manufacturers of cycle accessories, metal closures and waterproofed clothing. It is hoped to begin soon the erection (Treasury-financed) of two large factories, at Speke and Netherton, for the production of hydraulic equipment for aircraft and electric cables. Meanwhile, further privately financed new factories are also going up or are in the blue-print stage—for instance, a sizable plant under construction for Schweppes at Fazakerley. In all, some fifty firms of various sizes have moved into Merseyside since the war. Importation of the necessary key workers has been sensibly aided—to give Tory devils their due—by the Liverpool Corporation, which followed up its helpful pre-war "promotions" at Speke and Fazakerley by taking over the immense war-time filling plant at Kirby and converting the range of buildings into what is, industrially speaking, a miniature "new town" already giving work to over 5,000 people.

So far, the measure of the success achieved by the process of "bringing the job to the man" is to be found in the fact that, since the war, new enterprises installed have provided some 20,000 jobs—of which 14,000 are accounted for by Dunlops and English Electric, while 6,000 have been furnished by smaller firms and extensions to existing plants, including projects not yet fully developed. A further intake of workers by projects "in progress" seems likely, on my rough estimate, to bring the total of "new" jobs to close on 30,000. And then, within daily travelling distance, there is the growing Shell refinery at Ellesmere Port, just outside the Area proper, and the projected Atomic Plant at Capenhurst.

What of men and women for whom jobs could not be "imported?" It is obvious that, even when allowance is made for a possible increase in the demand for labour by some of the pre-war Merseyside firms, "bringing jobs to the man" cannot account for much more than one-third of the 60,000 drop in the unemployment figure to its present level of about 22,000—especially when allowance is made for the considerable natural growth in the Area's population. In fact, since the war, about 30,000 people seeking work have been "exported," and the process is going on at the rate of over 400 a month. How many of the emigrants have "stayed put," nobody can say. Apart from nostalgia, housing is, of course, the snag. In the case of the 900 Merseyside workers taken on recently by I.C.I. for their plant at Northwich, the migration probably has permanency: houses, as well as jobs, were provided by I.C.I. But when acceptance of work in "alien corn" means life in hostel or lodgings,—the fate of most of those who have volunteered for the coal mines—nostalgia wins quickly.

Thus, from the Ministry of Labour angle, the problem of the Merseyside is still substantial. Out of the present total of 22,000 workless—about 21,000 if you exclude boys and girls—nearly 7,000 are women. Of these, over 60 per cent. are married, with domestic responsibilities which make them unattractive to employers. Migration to the cotton towns is rarely a practicable proposition, and comparatively few of the unemployed women have trained skills. Reliance must be placed on the gradual growth of the industrial estates. More urgent is the problem of the 14,000 men, of whom half are fit and under 40, though predominantly unskilled. If nothing much can be done for Mr. W. B. McCarthy and his contemporaries, something must be done for the 7,000 under-forties—and quickly. There is hope in the "projects in progress" mentioned above, and the situation is certainly improving. The latest figure of unemployed is down by 6,000 on the corresponding figure a year ago; and the bulk of that improvement relates to the under-40 male age-group. Yet, assuming that the present total of 22,000 includes an almost hopeless McCarthyesque core of 3,000 or so, a few thousand barely employable women, and a figure of, say, 5,000 for seasonal and "frictional" (changing jobs) unemployment—winter is a bad time for painters and ship-repairing is always subject to "breaks"—there remains the figure of at least 10,000 workless for the planners to reduce.

That does not look very formidable; but there is a further relevant factor: a "projection" of the Area's vital statistics shows that the male population of working age (15–64 years) will increase by 72,000 in the next 12 years—a growth markedly different from the future trend in the North-west Region as a whole. Why Merseyside should be so philoprogenitive is a question whose explanation does not leap to the visitor's eye; for, though they may, of course, be callipygian, the nubile women of Liverpool are seldom conspicuously fair of face. Is this fecundity due

to the Catholic Church in a population with a large element of Irish descent? Or do sailors between voyages. . . .? The riddle must be left by me for Mass-Observation to elucidate. The operative fact remains that, in addition to dealing with the unplaced ten thousand, the Development Area's foster-fathers will have to cope annually with a working-age increment of 6,000, of whom perhaps 4,000 will come into the industrial labour-market proper.

This, I should say, even more than the existing pool of workless, was the real justification for scheduling Merseyside under the 1945 Act. If "full employment" is to be achieved and maintained, at least 50,000 additional jobs must be provided in the next decade—and a bubble-boom in munitions is no durable or satisfactory solution. This represents a serious task for the planners. Of this they seem keenly aware; and that is a big thing. In a society which has decided that re-distribution of industry must be effected by inducements, not compulsion, there can be no guarantee that enough industrialists can be persuaded to move into the Liverpool area. But the inducements are being carefully and zealously organised. If all goes reasonably well in a crazy world, Merseyside in a few years' time, with a much more mixed economy, should be a great deal less vulnerable to trade depressions than it was. And, from "men governing" democratically, even "Ould Bill" McCarthy could hardly demand more. AYLMER VALLANCE

# London Diary

DAVID ROUSSET has won his libel action against *Les Lettres Francaises*, the Communist weekly which accused him of inventing pieces of Soviet legislation about forced labour and deportation without trial. The damages awarded him were negligible, but the effect of the case on French opinion is likely to be even stronger than that of the similar Kravchenko libel action. Rousset's most important witness was El Campesino, whose account of how several thousand Spanish Republicans had perished, or at least vanished, in the Soviet Union before and during the last war, seems to have profoundly shocked an audience which is by now used to "revelations." The Communist reply was mainly to accuse Rousset and his friends of grinding political axes, which was no reply at all. It seems clear that, during the years 1939-41, the Russian spy mania reached such a point that Moscow treated as enemies all foreigners who came into Russia, including hundreds of thousands of Poles and thousands of comrades, refugees from the Spanish Civil War. The fact that a Russian like Michael Koltsov of *Pravda* was purged, after having written from Spain the best war reports ever to appear in a Soviet paper, suggests that the NKVD simply regarded anyone who had been in the Civil War as an "unhealthy influence." The new heresy of Titoism is now traced back in Soviet propaganda to the International Brigade, which seems to mean that Socialists of independent mind are regarded as traitors in Moscow, even if they are prepared to die for the revolutionary cause. A friend who was at the Rousset trial adds that much exaggerated anti-Soviet propaganda was trumped up at the trial, and that there was no evidence to suggest that the Soviet camps are in any way comparable to the Nazi extermination camps. I did not think they were, but it is cold comfort to be told that Russian labour camps are less horrible than Auschwitz.

* * *

In the 1920s, Sinclair Lewis looked like being a sociological novelist at least as good as H. G. Wells. His immortality to-day rests mainly on the word "Babbitt," which he made the symbol for a particular kind of dollar-sex-fraternity-minded business man who is as familiar an American type as Galsworthy's Forsyths are a now disappearing British business type. I well remember the profound impression the book made on me—an even greater impression than *Main Street*, which was Lewis's first big success. The most solid piece of writing he ever did was *Martin Arrowsmith*, which was a serious study of the difficulties of applying scientific method to human problems. His most violent and caustic book was *Elmer Gantry*, which attacked the less publishable side of religious enthusiasm. It will be recalled that when "Red" Lewis heard that his wife, the formidable and dominant Dorothy Thompson (known to her admirers in England as "The Presence"), was considered as a candidate for the U.S. Presidency, he said he hoped she would be elected because it would give him an opportunity of writing "My Day."

* * *

I am glad that it is not only Americans who can buy up the historic dwellings of London. India is now a competitor. I discovered this last week when I admired the Queen Anne panelling (which has been exposed, after the removal of twenty or thirty layers of paint) on the walls of No. 41 Craven Street, opened last Friday by Pandit Nehru as an Indo-British Club. Lady Mountbatten, who introduced the Prime Minister, surprised her audience by revealing that even the details of interior decoration were the personal choice of the High Commissioner, Krishna Menon, whom many of us have long known less as artist than as eloquent opponent of imperialism. He had more than usual reason to chuckle. Trafalgar Square, the heart of the British Empire, is at the top of the street. The statue of Lord Outram, who suppressed the Indian Mutiny, confronts you as you turn on to the Embankment. But, as a lady from Edinburgh, with whom I fell into conversation on the Embankment under the catalpa tree on Sunday morning, remarked: "I've just passed the statues of Clive and Outram and Sir Bartle Frere as I came along. It seems funny now, doesn't it? All that kind of nationalism is quite washed away, isn't it?" I agreed; but when I asked after the whereabouts of the Stone, she explained that, after all, that was just Scottish patriotism.

* * *

By this time we were joined by an L.C.C. keeper, who talked philosophically about trees, the public and India. Apparently one of the wych-elms has shaped itself in the form of an Arthur Rackham umbrella; the other has been trained to imitate it. He also said that half the London plane trees outside Whitehall Court were to come down. Anyway their leaves were filthy; instead of making good humus in the soil, they poisoned it with acid—a statement I've heard confirmed by other London park-keepers. I said I hated to see any trees taken down. He said they hid the fine buildings. I said that Whitehall Court wanted hiding. We agreed that catalpas, wych-elms, and the "tree of heaven" at the far end of the garden were worth all the planes put together. He said that Britain had been wise to get out of India, where he had served as a soldier for twenty-five years, without bloodshed. Living in Indian villages as a soldier, he said that he had discovered that Asians had a civilisation of their own much older than ours, and he added, a bit cautiously, as if he was pronouncing a heresy, that Bishop Tyndall, whose statue we had by that time reached, had not been altogether right in his translation of the Bible. His criticisms of Tyndall's Greek seemed irrelevant until he added that the Bible was not the best offering to make to a people so over-supplied with scriptures as the Indians. "What India wanted," he said, somewhat to my surprise, "was a new land system instead of the one which mortgages the lives of Indian peasants for three generations ahead; we ought to have sent technicians and doctors." After that the conversation drifted off into a discussion about the vandals who go out in the early morning and gather for themselves bunches of flowers from the public parks. One well-dressed lady, it seems, was convicted not long ago of stealing large bunches of tulips. The interesting thing—it would have seemed astonishing to our grandfathers—is that such acts of private selfishness are so rare. Another encouraging thing is that a park-keeper should be learned in Greek, botany and Eastern philosophy.

* * *

I believe Frank Pick was responsible for the still living tradition by which London Transport tells the public that there is romance and beauty to be found by visiting the hills and streams and by-ways of the Home Counties. I never found it easy to believe in the purely commercial justification for these posters, which make me regret the too speedy arrival of underground trains. And then I met Frank Pick and felt sure that I was right when I heard the story of how Mr. Duff Cooper as Minister of Information took him to see Winston Churchill as Premier. You will recall the end of the story—how Mr. Churchill tried to persuade the new M.O.I. Director to support morale by propaganda which Mr. Pick told the Premier he thought inadmissable because untruthful, and how Mr. Churchill thereupon informed the Minister he never wanted to see "that impeccable busman" again. Well, Pick's idea of uncommercial and beautiful advertising has been continued by London Transport, and I am delighted to notice a poster (signed by Molly Moss) which maintains the highest standard. It shows you the beauty of Piccadilly Circus. (I cannot for the life of me believe that there is any utilitarian case for persuading more people to go there.) It's a fascinating poster, beautifully designed to include a wide variety of London

types and London events from the tourists and shoppers to the little girl led by a little dog and the mail van and the beer wagon and the coster's barrow ablaze with oranges and the lorry full of flowers and fruit for Covent Garden.

* * *

Fifteen years ago the English Sunday suffered a severe blow. The Shops (Sunday Trading Restriction) Act, 1936, authorised local authorities at holiday resorts to allow the Sunday sale of bathing caps, shrimp nets, painted buckets and spades, as well as the already lawful supply of cigarettes and newspapers for the more idle. It is true that the indulgence was rigidly seasonable, allowing the profanation of not more than eighteen Sundays in any one year. But you might have expected even the April holiday-maker to apprehend the distinction between liberty and licence, rejoicing vicariously but cautiously in other people's freedom. After all, if you took in April, you would get people wanting Sunday shrimp nets in March; and so on. Appeasement, they say, never pays. Indeed, the secularists are now complaining, through the British Federation of Hotel and Boarding House Associations, that small and godless children, taken into seaside shops on non-permitted Sundays by parents seeking cigarettes or sweets, are heartbroken when their applications for buckets and spades are turned down. "Tomorrow," the Law says to them, neither knowing nor caring what a desolation of despair the word clamps down upon a child. Miles of sand waiting to be dug, and twenty-four hours to wait for the tools—though they hang in rows in wide-open shops! The hotel and boarding-house people, taking up the cause, make no pagan attack on the bucketless Sunday; these things, they agree, should be sternly withheld in winter. They only ask, in a letter to seaside M.P.s, for 26 Sundays instead of 18. CRITIC

## PROLOGUE TO A MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

[The speakers are imaginary and any resemblance to living personages is accidental.]

PREMIER: A word, my Lord Archbishop. I deplore
Your fulminations on atomic war.
Necessity knows neither right nor wrong;
Prayers to the Church, arms to the State belong.

PRIMATE: I stand rebuked; but you must understand
It was the scientists who forced my hand.
When physicists talk morals out of turn
It must the Church most seriously concern,
For she alone can speak for Christendom,
Touching the ethics of the atom-bomb.

PREMIER: Agreed; but take a realistic line.

PRIMATE: Can I equate it with the law divine?

PREMIER: To righteous war the Church gives countenance,
And, though the atom supersedes the lance,
Her benediction should not be denied—
The weapon by the cause is sanctified.

PRIMATE: The broadsword I would bless, and never flinch—
Small-arms, and even cannon, at a pinch . . .

PREMIER: Bless one, bless all!

PRIMATE: Do not suggest, I beg,
I hallow that abominable egg.

PREMIER: A-bombs, like curates' eggs, are good in parts,
Striking cold terror to aggressors' hearts,
While Christian scruples guard against abuse.
They are but stockpiled for deterrent use

PRIMATE: The hell-bomb in the womb of hell once hatched,
Trust me, will ultimately be despatched.

PREMIER: But not by us; you know, as well as I,
It rests the secret of our great ally.

PRIMATE: A miserable quibble; you, in fact,
As an accessory before the act,
Must share responsibility for guilt.

PREMIER: So be it. I back our ally to the hilt,
And find no sin when I my conscience search.

PRIMATE: The keeper of your conscience is the Church.

PREMIER: Your province is ecclesiastical;
Speak for the State, or do not speak at all.
The Church does not exist *in vacuo*,
Your elevation to the State you owe;
The priest is none the less a citizen.
Ends warrant means.

PRIMATE: I will not say amen.

PREMIER: Our foes you comfort and our friends alarm
If you withdraw the spiritual arm.
And, if high heaven resort to war ordain,
The deadliest weapon may be most humane.

PRIMATE: So atom-bombs are mercy weapons now!

PREMIER: All to the logic of events must bow.
The Church herself mass-bombing justified.

PRIMATE: I shudder at absolving genocide.

PREMIER: The State can no such fine distinctions draw.

PRIMATE: I owe obedience to a higher law.
Whatever past complaisance you may quote,
The atom-bomb sticks in the Church's throat.
I am no spiritual satellite,
But charge the State to ban the bomb outright.

PREMIER: I ban the bomb? I neither will, nor can,
While enemies support the atom-ban!

PRIMATE: I bless the bomb? I'd rather lose my See
Than preach atomic Christianity!

PREMIER: At this grave juncture I will tolerate
No fatal fission splitting Church and State,
Nor let the Church subversive doctrines screen.

PRIMATE: I am, sir, the Archbishop, *not* the Dean.
And I hereby revoke, with conscience clear,
My homage as a spiritual peer.
Do what you will, I shall the Christian case
Cry from the rooftops and the market-place,
Henceforward from the temporal yoke released.

*Exit.*

PREMIER: Will no man free me from this pacifist priest?

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Home Counties door-to-door traders persuade children to exchange their mother's clothes for goldfish.—*Evening News.* (Philip Kershaw.)

Mrs. —— said: "It is not conceivable that my flat was not always perfectly clean. One room was let to the Minister for Guatemala as his office, and several Ambassadors were among my guests.—*News Chronicle.* (G. W. Scott Blaw.)

Nearly double the number of regular Communicants attended yesterday morning's Communion service at Chelmsford Cathedral.

The increase followed an announcement that starting yesterday, breakfasts would be provided after the service at a nominal charge.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Dr. E. Blumenau.)

. . . Romance of the Ages . . . Boiling Oil and other Tortures of a Bygone Age . . . The Stars do their stuff for Your Entertainment. — Advt. in *Burton Chronicle.* (O. Hull.)

# Enemy No. 1-bis

THE latest discovery made by the French Government is that if Communism is Enemy No. 1, then neutralism is Enemy No. 1-*bis*—in other words, a sort of sub-Communism, an accomplice of the agents of Moscow.

The Taft speech, it seems, coming just in time for General Eisenhower's arrival in Paris, threw the French Government into something like a panic. What! No American troops for France? No more prodding of Western Europe to pull up its socks? America's frontier on the Channel? Where in heaven, it was asked, had the Americans got the idea that France was not at all keen on the Atlantic Pact? Or that she did not want to march to victory under Eisenhower?

Of course, there were the Communists—but what self-respecting U.S. senator would listen to *them*? But no! There was something more serious and insidious—there were the French "neutralists" who, ever since the Atlantic Pact was signed, had been beefing and belly-aching, and criticising this weapon of Democratic Solidarity and Collective Security, and had been raising a thousand doubts in the minds of the Americans whether France was worthy of all the generous military aid Mr. Truman was willing to send. Who are the neutralists? In the National Assembly there are 180 Communists and near-Communists; but there is no Neutralist Party. But this makes it all the worse. For neutralism is a state of mind and its spokesmen—with their various *nuances*—are all kinds of sceptics ranging from the late Emmanuel Mounier of *Esprit* and Claude Bourdet of *L'Observateur* to Hubert Beuve-Méry himself, Editor of the only French paper of real international standing, *Le Monde*! The neutralists claim to express the most widespread and deep-seated feelings of the French people. But in fact, anyone who is not quite conformist in France to-day can be conveniently classed as a neutralist—especially if the Communist label won't stick.

The various brands of neutralists are all severe critics of the Atlantic Pact, and do not hesitate to point out its dangers. Beuve-Méry is doubtful about its military virtues and convinced of its provocative capacity. He also deplores the utter waste for France of the war in Indo-China, and wishes that France had, since the Liberation, followed the much more intelligent policy of Britain at home and, even more, in the Empire. Then there is Claude Bourdet. He believes even less in the virtues of the Atlantic Pact, and this week he went so far as to welcome the "European" part of Taft's speech. By all means, let France (he says in effect) look after her own security. By not having an Atlantic army here, she will not provoke Russia. But if, despite this, the Russians invade her, then the French people will have the best psychological basis for opposing them unanimously by means of a nation-wide Maquis—to be organized in advance. And then, but *only* then, let America attack Russia from the air as an indubitable aggressor. It will make Russia think twenty times before attacking France in such conditions.

Maybe this is unrealistic. Nobody at the

Assembly expressed such ideas. Some 400 Deputies—practically all, except the Communists—voted for the rearmament programme "in order to give America confidence in France," and encourage her to send more arms and more money. But what mental reservations were behind many of these votes may be easily guessed. Even the *bien pensant* François Mauriac wrote in the *Figaro* the other day that another war for France would mean death, and he asked that the utmost effort be made to come to an agreement with the Russians, much as he loathed them. This is not quite the line of the State Department.

But almost on the following day, after the French Government had got into a stew over the Taft speech, the same *Figaro*, in an article by its Editor, M. Pierre Brisson, delivered a virulent attack on "The Sexless"—meaning the neutralists. They were Enemy No. 1-*bis*. In a little paragraph, marked by a rabelaisian fruitiness unwonted in the *Monde*, M. Beuve-Méry replied. The gist of his argument was: "All very well boasting about your stupendous French virility—but have you really *got* any testicles?" And he added that there were only too many people in France who loved big words but who were meantime piling up their nest-eggs in some safe bank well beyond the ocean. Which, the next day, produced a yowl from M. Brisson who said that, except for trifling sums, required for its office expenses abroad, the *Figaro* kept all its funds in France!

The fat was in the fire. The *Figaro-Monde* quarrel had become the best joke in Paris. And then M. Moch thought he also would contribute to the discussion. He came to the lunch of the Anglo-American Press Association. It was a most illuminating performance. He read out his piece, all prepared and multigraphed in advance. He was determined to put the Americans right (never mind about the British) as to where France stood. France was not neutralist, he proclaimed; and if there were neutralists, they were traitors—yes, traitors!—no better than the Communists. France believed in Collective Security, France believed in Eisenhower, "the Liberator of Europe," and he, Jules Moch, a French Socialist, "had given body and soul to the task of reconstituting a mighty French army." And this army, together with its allies (Germany was not mentioned) would "compel aggression to retreat." He believed in the future because:

(1) Although a notable fraction of the French working class voted Communist, the orders of the C.P. were no longer carried out—witness the failure to sabotage American arms shipments in French ports.

(2) People were reading the Communist press and attending Communist meetings much less than before.

(3) The French Government was being very tough with the Communists [*loud cheers from most of the audience*] who were now being thrown out of all responsible jobs.

And finally, there was France, capable of the most wonderful *élans* and *redressements*. Why! Moch exclaimed, there was the Convention which introduced the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the metric system (*sic*), and built up revolutionary armies that were the terror of all the crowned tyrants of the day! There was the Paris Commune! ("What was *that* he said?" one bewildered young American beside me whispered.) And then the people of France got rid of General Boulanger. (Said the same young man: "Was that the guy who shot himself on his girl-friend's grave?") And then there was the great Popular Front movement, Moch went on, and then there was the Resistance! ("Popular Front, Resistance—didn't the Reds have something to do with that?" said my young American friend, more puzzled than ever.) After that there were questions. "Can't say anything," said Moch in reply to one, "except that our talks with General Eisenhower were *most* satisfactory." "Military service—yes. Much bigger effort made by France than by Britain—*much bigger*. No exemptions here at all." The Americans could put it in their pipes and smoke it. And the British, too. From a far corner a lady's voice piped: "M. Moch, are there any Communists in the French army?" "Of course, of course," said Moch, "in a conscript army we are bound to have *some* Communists, but nothing, *nothing* above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Three Communist Lieutenant-Colonels for the whole French army, I assure you. I haven't fired them yet, but three isn't very much, is it? And they're being most *carefully* watched." Another female voice then asked: "What proportion of the French population had adopted the Communist attitude to Eisenhower's visit?" "I'm a mathematician!" Moch exclaimed, "I can tell you exactly. Less—much less—than the total circulation of the entire Communist press—and it's small, very small."

Everybody was most impressed—only France isn't as simple as all that.

*Paris, January 14.* ALEXANDER WERTH

# Scotland A.S.1

It was an ardent Nationalist friend in Glasgow who suggested that, in the calendar of an independent Scotland, the year 1951 might be dubbed A.S.1, or After the Stone, One. His jocular comment is typical of the pleasure and (almost) adolescent amusement which the recovery of the Stone of Destiny has caused among the more sectarian Nationalists. They will tell you, with gusts of laughter, of the suspect who seemed to break down after a long police interrogation, admitting that he did know who stole the Stone. The detectives leaned forward eagerly: "It was Edward the First," he said. They will sing you snatches of a new ballad, publicly performed for the first time at a crowded celebration meeting in the Berkeley Hall, which goes to the tune of the "Ball of Kirriemuir," with the refrain:

Wha's ta'en it yon time, wha's ta'en it noo?
The Dean that had it last time, hasn'a got it noo.

With a broad grin they will repeat the rumours that the Scottish police are in trouble with the Home Office: "An the sairgeant told ma frien' that the Stane could bide in his hoose for a' he cared." And they will happily spend their energy, as the flood of letters to the *Scotsman* shows, in Calvinistic disputes on questions of law and history to prove that it was no crime to bring the Stone home again.

All this seems rather like a students' rag. Yet the removal of an important Imperial symbol from a national shrine, after it has rested there for about six hundred years, is very different from the kind of jape that Oxford undergraduates play on the Martyr's Memorial. Anglicans, bound up in a religion to which the symbolism of monarchy seems essential, understandably feel that it is sacrilege to lay hands on their "Coronation Stone." The Scottish Presbyterian, brought up to distrust symbolism, and instructed in his nation's long history, may equally well regard its return as an act of crude but elementary justice. One may smile at the rhetoric of Wendy Wood, one of the more picturesque figures in the Nationalist ranks, who says that the Dean of Westminster has no right to speak of sacrilege when he "aided in concealing stolen goods in a sacred edifice." Yet her feelings, and those of many Nationalists, are no doubt just as deep as those of the Dean. To those professionally or emotionally involved, or to those who love to chop historical logic, the Stone is a subject of passion and prejudice, as well as of fact. The more detached observer may be content to note that the evidence of history seems to be on the side of the Scots.

Certainly, no one who has visited Scotland since Christmas Day can have failed to remark how many Scots are openly or covertly satisfied with the affair. The exceptions, for the most part, are people in official or ceremonial positions. Even those who deplore the act of seizure are satisfied with its results, for this gesture has secured immense publicity for Scottish problems, rarely noticed at Westminster and scarcely mentioned in the press. For years, responsible Scots have been seeking to draw attention to Scotland's dreadful housing, or to the appalling incidence of T.B. Now, for the first time, some national newspapers have begun to take notice. Over and again, you will hear even moderate people argue that the seizing of the Stone has done more for Scotland than years of normal propaganda, though they seldom go so far as the organiser of the National Party, who told me that "politically, it is the greatest thing that has happened since Bannockburn."

The uproar—and the laughter—about the Stone of Scone came at a difficult moment for the Home Rule movement. All last year, the signatures to the Covenant (calling for a Scottish Parliament) mounted by scores of thousands. At the end of the year, the total claimed was 1,800,000, about two-thirds the number of Scottish votes cast in the General Election. Its organisers, led by Mr. John MacCormick, were in a dilemma. They had successfully shown that there was strong and increasing support for self-government, but the Government and the Tory leaders had listened to them politely, declined any intention of holding a plebiscite, and said the problem could be met "through normal democratic processes." But since the Covenant was a non-party movement, it was difficult to answer this challenge to carry the issue to the polls. Indeed, Scottish Convention, the group which called the National Assembly to launch the Covenant, split away from the Scottish National Party in 1942 on

just this issue of nominating Home Rule candidates. The result is that the Covenant movement, after a year of very successful agitation, has stalled. It has been tinkering with local plebiscites—it conducted a postal poll during the Scotstoun by-election last year, which showed a six-to-one majority for Home Rule with half the electorate returning poll cards—and has tried to persuade local authorities to add their weight officially to the pressure for a Scottish Parliament for Scottish affairs. But it is marking time. The new National Assembly, due to convene in March, may have to decide whether to enter directly into the political arena. It is hard to see what else it can do, and yet direct electoral action seems bound to break up the movement on the rocks of established party loyalties.

The difficulty is that, while a plebiscite might show a majority for Home Rule, the motives of its partisans are very mixed. The Liberals officially support it, partly out of tradition, partly because they may pick up some badly needed votes. The Tories give it conniving support, partly because it is a good stick with which to beat Labour, partly because the movement has a strong bias against nationalisation and controls imposed by London. Indeed, many of the Nationalists are social reactionaries. Much of Labour's rank and file is for it, because Labour (out of power) was always pledged to the cause, and because there is genuine dissatisfaction in Scottish Labour ranks at the way Scottish problems have been dealt with since 1945. Add to this hotch-potch a strange sauce of Republicans, Communists, poets, pacifists and writers, who are Nationalist for more reasons than one can name. They unite on the plank of opposition to the Government in Westminster : they differ on devolution, Home Rule, Independence, and much else, political, social and economic.

This is the reason why nothing happens, though Scottish affairs are going from bad to worse. The gap between the administration, now substantially removed to Edinburgh, and Westminster's legislation for Scotland, scamped and inadequate, continues to widen—to the detriment of Scottish health, housing and education. More Scots are coming to feel a sense of separation from England and of victimisation by England. At the moment, Lord Catto's committee is studying Anglo-Scottish statistics, and not until it reports can one say how much truth there is in the Nationalists' claim that Scotland is economically exploited. But their evidence on this has seemed sufficiently convincing to satisfy a growing number of their countrymen. There are few Nationalists—but they have an immense number of fellow-travellers.

Sooner or later, the Scottish problem has to be faced, especially by the Labour Party, which is dying of old age and political sterility in Scotland. South of the Border, Scottish Nationalism may seem laughable and unrealistic. It may not seem so for long. The seizure of the Stone may be one sign—the manufacture of bombs in a Glasgow tenement was another—of a new temper.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

*Glasgow, January.*

# The New Yugoslavia

## III.—The Peasants

At any price the Yugoslavs will have a government that safeguards their independence. That is why they stood by Tito when the Russians threw him over. But there is a test of another kind which a government in Belgrade must satisfy, if it hopes for length of days. It must have a contented peasantry behind it. Only then will there be more food and fewer policemen.

The problem of winning the peasants is not easy for a Communist Government. In its favour is the legendary prestige of the Partisans, which it inherits. It does, moreover, recognise the institution of private property in land. It is bound to have the wealthier farmers, the kulaks, against it, as well as the Catholic clergy. But it cannot afford to lose the good will of the average, middle sort of peasant. For sound economic reasons it had to offer attractive inducements to draw the more enterprising peasants into industry. It had also to make it worth while for as many villages as possible to form *zadrugas*—self-governing collective farms. Marxism pointed in this direction, and there were good technical reasons also. But I found myself wondering what the independent, hard-working peasant feels when he comes into town and sees the handsome and comfortable blocks of flats in which many of the industrial workers are housed, or the attractive hostels in which they convalesce or take holiday. In some regions the landscape is dotted with the new stables and barns the Government has built for the *zadrugas*. The peasant has his own good reasons for disliking factories and mines, nor do *zadrugas* as yet attract him. Will he not resent the unequal distribution of the Government's favours and come to think of the class to which he belongs as ill-used and underprivileged ? The next stage must be the growth of that antagonism between villages and towns so familiar in central Europe after the first world war. The peasant will not exert himself to feed the more fortunate townsman.

The *zadrugas*, when they are formed on the peasant's own initiative, are both happy communities and efficient farmers. But the Government's hopes for their formation on a great scale have not been realised. In Yugoslavia as a whole only 17 per cent. of the peasant families have entered them. The policy has been relatively successful only in Macedonia and the Voivodina ; in both, the percentage is a fraction over 40. The impoverished Macedonian peasant, often until the Revolution a share-cropper, with a mud-hut for his home, had no tradition of personal ownership that forbade him to throw his newly won acres into the common pool of the *zadruga*. But most of the peasant families in Slovenia and Croatia have owned their land for several generations. Their comfortable cottages, often gaily painted, with carving on the gables and lintels, and their well-built and shapely barns proclaim their pride in their hereditary property. They will not of their own free-will join a working *zadruga* for many a year to come. What they will do, and are doing, is to join co-operative societies such as thrive in Denmark and Ireland.



Unprejudiced experts would agree that the broad fertile plains between the Drava and Sava call out for mechanised farming. But would the carefully tilled little farms on the hillsides of Slovenian valleys, with their orchards, vineyard and woodlands, mingled with a few ploughed fields and a rich, riverside meadow, gain anything by mechanisation ? There are similar districts in other Republics. As yet machinery is lacking—the decisive argument that tells, on suitable land, in favour of the collective farm. Marshal Tito in the last of his annual reviews had to report that Yugoslavia has fewer threshing machines, harvesters and reapers than in 1939—and there were very few then. The losses of the war years had not yet been made good. Since he spoke, his country has had to divert even more of its industrial effort to re-armament.

Disappointment over the slow progress of collectivisation led to the use throughout 1949 of various forms of pressure to drive the independent peasants into the *zadrugas*. The Yugoslavs would not use Stalin's methods of coercion, but their milder devices had the same effect in antagonising the villagers. The local officials, most of them young men, were often, as a leading Communist put it, more ruthless dictators than any one at the top. They have been known to assess a peasant so heavily for the farm produce he is required to deliver at low fixed prices, that to make up his quota he was driven to buy what was lacking in the free market, which charges about ten times the rationed prices. He could escape such exactions by joining a *zadruga*. The total number of *zadrugas* increased from 1,318 in 1948 to 6,603 in 1949. The Government has no illusions about this ambiguous success. A high official estimated that at least a thousand of these new *zadrugas* are working badly and producing less than the independent peasants had done. Marshal Tito said to us : "We have learned that no good can come from force."

The worst consequence of this pressure was that the peasants who remained outside the *zadrugas*—more than half the population of Yugoslavia—became half-hearted in their response to the Government's appeals to produce more. In some districts of Croatia and Bosnia there have even been signs of passive resistance among the richer peasants, who are said to be hoarding grain and sowing less. This is serious, since the pre-war total of land under cultivation has not yet been regained. According to the official figures, 21 per cent of the whole arable area of Yugoslavia was abandoned during the war ; seven per cent is still derelict, some 1,587,000 acres (not 175,000 as I wrote in my first article).

A more serious reason for the indifference of the independent peasants is the shortage of consumers' goods. Austerity is the general rule in Yugoslavia, and everyone has to go short of shoes, textiles, sugar, fats and soap. Even needles are scarce. But of the goods in short supply the industrial workers and the members

of a *zadruga* can get their share much more easily than the independent peasants. These individualists take their revenge by profiteering in the free market; but when they have piled up their heaps of paper money, there is very little they can buy with it.

One had the feeling that the independent peasants do not rank as full citizens of this Socialist State. They enjoy some of its benefits but by no means all. New primary schools, nearly 5,000 of them, have been built in their villages, but teachers are so few that one of them may have to teach three classes, perhaps 120 children, simultaneously. The educational ladder that leads upwards is open to the peasants. They have been almost completely freed from malaria and typhus. But they are outside the system of many social benefits reserved for industrial workers, officials, clerks and members of the *zadrugas* only.

What this may mean we saw in Macedonia. There, even in big villages, not only is there no resident doctor, there is neither midwife, nurse nor dispenser. The sick must travel to the nearest town, usually in an ox-cart over rough roads, and pay the doctor's fee when they get there. These conditions reflect the negligence of the monarchy; the Communists are doing their utmost to remedy them, but it takes six years to make a doctor. At present there is not quite one doctor to every 12,000 Macedonians; in Yugoslavia as a whole the ratio is one to 4,000. Very few doctors have cars. The shortage of nurses and hospital beds is no less terrifying. I could write a grateful page about the devotion of the doctors we met in Macedonia. One of them improvised out of almost nothing a successful hospital for tubercular patients beside Lake Ochrid. Another at Ochrid, a woman, gave twenty talks on health in the villages in one week, besides attending to her hospital and her private practice. But how much can one do for 12,000?

The Government was as wise as it was courageous when it gave the first place in its planning to industrialisation and electrification. But the pace has been too hot. The fault of this gallant and warm-hearted people is that it sometimes risks too much. It cannot afford to risk the good will of the peasants. Happily the Government has begun to remedy some of their grievances. There will be no more pressure to form *zadrugas*. The procedure by which produce is requisitioned from the peasants, and especially the provisions for appeal stand in urgent need of reform. But the new departure I should like to see is something bolder. Might not the independent peasants in each Republic be encouraged to form a sort of trade union, with whose freely elected committee the Government would undertake to discuss all their affairs? Some able and influential men who are working at the revision of the Constitution are discussing an expedient which the Webbs used to advocate—a Parliament of two Chambers, one of them territorial and the other occupational. In the latter the independent peasants would be adequately represented. The peasantry will not be contented until it finds its voice.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

# So They Say . . .

NEARLY two years ago, the Royal Commission on the Press, as its main recommendation, suggested the establishment of a Press Council "consisting of at least 25 members representing proprietors, editors, and other journalists, and having lay members amounting to about 20 per cent. of the total, including the chairman. The lay members should be nominated jointly by the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord President of the Court of Session." This was unanimously approved by the House of Commons; and the proprietors promised immediate action.

Last week the proprietorial associations met the journalists' associations and submitted their draft constitution. It included 25 members; but, apart from that, it bore little resemblance to that suggested by the Royal Commission. There would be no lay members, and the chairmanship would alternate between the chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the chairman of the Newspaper Society. There would be 12 other "managerial representatives," comprising six nominated by the N.P.A., five by the Newspaper Society, and one by the Scottish Daily Newspaper Society.

Then there would be 12 "editorial representatives." These would comprise "three nominees of the N.P.A., two of the Newspaper Society, one of the Scottish Daily Newspaper Society, one of the Scottish Newspaper Proprietors' Association, one of the Guild of British Newspaper Editors, two of the Institute of Journalists, and two of the National Union of Journalists."

After last week's meeting the National Union of Journalists issued a statement saying that the proposed membership was "totally unacceptable," as the body would be "heavily weighted in the interests of the proprietors, giving them 20 representatives out of 25." The Union would propose amendments "restoring the balanced character . . . recommended by the Royal Commission and approved by Parliament."

These important developments for the Press were reported with varying emphasis in the national newspapers. The most inadequate report was in the *Daily Telegraph*, which, under the heading PRESS COUNCIL PLAN, merely carried two sentences announcing that a meeting had taken place, and mentioning the bodies represented. The best report, almost a full column, was in *The Times* (which was the only paper to recall the membership proposed by the Royal Commission). The *Manchester Guardian* gave the proposed constitution, as well as the N.U.J. statement, at some length.

The *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*, while reporting the draft fully, omitted the N.U.J. statement completely. The *News Chronicle* gave both fairly fully, as did the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Worker*. The *Daily Mirror* said that the Union considered the proposals unacceptable, but did not say why.

There has been no immediate editorial comment—except that contained in the *Daily Worker* headline, A COUNCIL FOR PRESS LORDS —ROYAL COMMISSION MOCKED. Its reporters characterised the draft as an "impudent repudiation" of the Commission's recommendations.

**According to Taste**

*Sunday Chronicle, January 14:—*

> A few days ago the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow [Dr. John McCormick] . . . had to pull his robe over his face to protect himself from the continual salvo of eggs, tomatoes, flour and soot. . . . As an old student of Glasgow University [I consider] the students behaved like barbarians . . . The thought [of these students becoming teachers] makes me rather ill. . . .

*Sunday Express, January 14:—*

> . . . I do not think we should pull long faces and deplore the degeneracy of our times . . . but should rather reflect whether we have not all become too readily obedient to authority. . . . I would rather the students of Glasgow should go even a little too far in kicking over the traces than that they should at all times be drilled and disciplined and silenced. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

# The Human Kind

TOWARDS evening a mist gathered far out over the Yellow Sea. The silence, which had lain upon the sea all day, as vast and weighty as the infinite arch of sky, seemed to thicken with the mist. The red sun sank behind the skyline. Wavering faint tracks of light, filtering through the mist, billowed across the sea, then shrank and dimmed, and the waters grew dark.

Inland, where the Korean hills, themselves like a sea of grey waves mysteriously halted, ran away towards the northern frontiers, a deeper gloom had already begun to gather, creeping forward to shorten the range of vision. The intermittent thump and grumble of artillery, which had been loud in the white light of day, was deadened in the evening, lost among the shadowed uplands, its whereabouts betrayed only by the white soft glare of gunflashes.

Casey and the new lieutenant, who had been watching the sunset from a grassy dune above the beach, heaved themselves to their feet and walked down the track which led to the camp. Neither of them spoke. The lieutenant, who had been trying to make conversation for the last hour had at last been browbeaten into silence. He had been making his first tour of the company's rest area, with Casey, who wore a sergeant's chevrons, as his guide. From time to time Casey had spoken, briefly and expertly, but only of military matters. The lieutenant, a replacement fresh from the States, who had not yet seen action, regarded him with curiosity, with respect, and already with a touch of fear.

A faint wind stirred among the pines that grew on the slopes; somewhere a branch creaked and cracked. The lieutenant began to walk faster; the stories that he had read in the American papers of guerrillas, guerrillas everywhere, haunted his thoughts; then he glimpsed the twist of amusement at the corners of Casey's compressed lips. He slowed down to the same unhurrying, noiseless, relaxed walk—a soldier's walk—as Casey. In every move he was now a furtive but conscious imitator. He felt foolish at having started to hurry like some small boy going alone to the movies for the first time, plunging through the frightening adult crowds with a dime clutched in a sweaty hand.

"Movies." Casey's voice, and the word itself, stunned him. He halted. Casey studied him with a look that was absent yet contemptuously questioning. Casey motioned with his head, and the lieutenant understood. In the clearing

below them an open-air film show had just begun. The screen blinked white once or twice, then flickered with colour. There was a welcoming rumble of laughter from the huddle of American infantrymen who filled the clearing. "What's 'a matter?" Casey made a jibe of every word. "Don'tya wanna go down, see th' movies?"

The lieutenant could only answer childishly, "Sure." He followed Casey again. In the dusk he studied his companion's face—the bitter, black eyes, the sunken cheeks fringed with stubble, the thin lips playing with a cigarette, the nose broken at the bridge as if a devil had stamped savagery into the man's face with a cloven heel. The lieutenant wondered, as he had been wondering all the afternoon, what went to the making of such a face.

"Sergeant," he asked. "Where you from?"

The cigarette jiggled up and down. "Wichita, Kansas." Casey did not look back, and there was no encouragement in his voice.

The lieutenant felt that he must persist. "Married?"

"Naaah."

"You got a girl?"

"Say!" Casey's lips pulled apart in the corner, and he faced the lieutenant with a restless, resentful stare. "Whaddya — —?" He checked himself and walked on until, as if driven to speak by an inner boastfulness that he could not restrain, he said: "Back there, I got a million dames."

They continued in silence along the path. It was Casey's walk that the lieutenant watched now. Leopards must pad through the night as this man walked. The lieutenant wondered how long it would take him to become like this. He thought about it with horror, for the shape of the old life, with a drag like a gravitational pull, was still close behind him: books on a shelf, the spray whirling on the summer lawn, the kids shrieking in pursuit of a ball, cutlery gleaming on a table, Janice in a flowered frock laughing up at him, nestling sombrely at his side in the Chev., dancing softly up against him. He thought about it with envious admiration, for the man was a complete soldier, burned black and hard, a man who had already achieved what he must yet attempt.

The lieutenant feared what lay ahead, no personal compulsion had brought him here, he had been loaded into a transport 'plane and shot across the oceans like a grain of powder in the body of a shell. Terror and bewilderment gathered in him at what had befallen him; and whenever he was on his own and trying to rest, they burst out in a great silent cry, demanding to know what he was doing here, why he could not go back. There were enemies somewhere: the only hate he had for them was that they were the reason for his being here. There were things that he was not made to do, to live without thinking, to face danger without thinking, to kill without thinking.

Casey prowled on ahead of him, the man who could do these things, the man who had been bred to live without thinking, the man who had always prowled lonely and wary as a leopard in city streets, the man who had always had to look on every other man as an enemy, to snatch and strike and pounce for his sustenance, the man who could kill the unidentified enemy in the dark: the tough guy, the killer, the hero of film and radio and great black headline. Fear, transmuted, fed his impatience to become like Casey; he was the small boy trotting with autograph book behind the All-American fullback. Casey, the All-American, prowled on ahead.

And now it was the lieutenant's dread of the silence, and what silence let loose in him, that made him try again. "Sergeant Casey, what did you do before the war?"

The sergeant walked on for a few paces before he replied, "Anythin' fer a buck."

Another silence.

"And Casey, how old are you?"

A flare of suspicion in Casey's eyes. "Twenty-four."

The lieutenant looked helplessly away. He was twenty-six, and he had thought that the sergeant was an older man. He fumbled for a packet of Luckies and offered Casey a fresh cigarette. They lit up, between cupped hands, and moved on.

As they came nearer to the camp the pines began to thin out. A week ago, when the regiment had landed from the sea, there had been a battle here at the clearing, and before the battle there had been a village. Now the ground was cratered, diseased. Where peasant huts had stood were burned patches, with a few blackened stumps of wood protruding from the ground. Trees lay across each other like corpses. Those that still stood were gashed and splintered, their foliage torn away and littered on the ground. Beyond the camp there were more stricken trees, then a further shallow slope, then the road they had fought to clear, then paddy-fields for a mile or two till the hills began to rise.

And in the air, above the stubborn stench of burning, there was a strange sweetness, a scent which was hardly perceptible at first but which became more and more noticeable until, inexplicably, it was sickening. The lieutenant did not yet know what it was, but Casey could have told him. Most of the American dead had been stuffed into the ground days since; but there were dead peasants in the ashes of their huts and dead Korean soldiers lying in the paddy-fields hidden by the tall rice-shoots; and this, the sweet and horrible smell of their corruption, rose to assail the living.

In the midst of all this the soldiers were squatting with their rifles propped between their knees, watching the film. Casey and the lieutenant were close enough to recognise Donald Duck cavorting across the screen. The noises of the evening—the distant gunfire and the sound of engines warming up on an airfield somewhere—were lost behind the surges of laughter from the audience which alternated with the raucous quacking from the amplifiers.

They stood for a while looking down at their men. The lieutenant was oppressed with despair at the failure of his friendly overtures. It seemed to him that his one great aim in life just now must be to come to terms with Casey. He tried a new approach. "Movies, shows, do you get a lot of that kinda thing?"

"Naaah."

"What do the fellas do when they're resting?"

Casey would rarely look at the lieutenant when he spoke. He kept his eyes on the ground in front of him, or on the vast mysterious sky, in a moody impenetrable gaze. There was never any evidence of thought, or of a human personality whose interest could be engaged, behind those eyes. "Nuthun'. Lay aroun', I guess."

"You, what do you do?"

Casey answered, with only a sullen contraction of the face so that the lieutenant could not guess whether he was being sarcastic. "Look at th' funnies."

"Yeah, but the people up here, don't you get along with the people up here?"

"People?" For the first time Casey's glance was alive, a sharp interrogative flash under hunched eyebrows. "Ain't no people."

"Yeah, but ——."

"Gooks, theah's nuthun' else."

"Yeah, but the friendlies? I read about the friendlies."

"Friendlies?" There was a jerk of angry incomprehension in the sergeant's voice. "I jes' tol' ya, theah's only gooks."

"Yeah, but the dames?" This came to the lieutenant as an inspiration. It must surely touch a spring of response. "You tellin' me there's no dames up here?"

Casey uttered a sound of scornful negation. "Y' catch one, y' got one."

The lieutenant was defeated. He dropped his butt-end, smeared it into the ground with his foot and made to move on; but Casey was staring into the trees. The cigarette which had been drooping in the corner of his mouth jerked suddenly up like the alert barrel of an anti-aircraft gun. He gripped the lieutenant's arm and, without speaking, pointed upwards.

The officer could discern nothing in the tree-tops for a moment; then, through the pattern of twigs and shadow and clear dusk, he saw the man; a Korean, clinging to the top of a twenty-foot pine. His heart thumped with excitement at the sight of his first live enemy, and he thought for a moment that he was going to be sick. With numbed fingers he fumbled for his automatic, before he realised that at this range it was useless.

Casey, watching the tree-top intently, slowly unslung the Garand from his shoulder. He held it in readiness across his body but made no move to aim. The lieutenant, with suspense like a finger shoved down his throat, waited. "Sniper," he muttered. "Little brown bastard!" Casey leaned across till his mouth was close to the officer's ear. "Y'r glasses," he said. He did not whisper; he had the soldier's way of talking, softer and less sibilant than a whisper.

The lieutenant remembered his field-glasses. He trained them on the crotch of the tree in which the Korean was perched. He adjusted them with unsteady fingers, so that the image in the graticuled circles of the lenses grew clear then blurred, grew clear and blurred and grew clear again until he was looking, not daring now to breathe, into the distinct face of his enemy.

"Here," said Casey. The officer handed him the glasses. "By God," said Casey, "he's laughing."

The lieutenant took the glasses back and looked again. The Korean was looking down, towards the soldiers in the clearing, towards the screen. The lieutenant could see the brown, hard chest that the Korean's shirt, loose and dirty white, revealed, the strong bare legs. And the face—now he could make out the face, simian at first glance and grinning, but, as he studied it more closely, a peasant face with hunger and suffering indelibly written as on a palimpsest beneath each passing expression, written now on his puckered face as he grinned down at the screen.

"Bastard," the lieutenant muttered. "What 'n hell's he doing?" He said to Casey, "Kill him."

Casey did not answer.

"I said kill him. Before he kills one of our guys."

"He ain't gotta gun."

The lieutenant was crushed. He had been staring at the man with the eyes of a man, not with the eyes of a soldier. He had not seen what he should have seen first. Reality receded from him. He felt dizzy and remote, aching with the effort of remaining motionless and staring up into the tree-top. He heard, as from miles away, echoing in some dream in which space and time reveal their infinity, the screeching loud speakers and the answering gusts of laughter. "He's a

spy," he murmured. "Don't you see he's a spy? Kill him I tell you."

Casey ignored him.

It was Casey, still self-possessed and vigilant, who saw the screen flicker and go blank as the film ended. He tugged at the lieutenant's arm and made a sign with his hand. The two men moved silently off the path and crouched behind a tree.

There was a stir among the audience. Men rose to stretch their legs. Matches flared. Casey lowered his rifle, and the cigarette in the corner of his mouth drooped again. Noiselessly, the Korean had quit his nest and was coming down the tree, quick and sinuous. He stood for a second at its foot, then he ducked away into the sparse undergrowth.

Casey looked along the sights of his rifle. His eyes were half-closed in a weary, uninterested squint. The Korean emerged from the bushes farther from the camp, and began to move, shadow-like, towards the highway. As he moved, the rifle moved with him, slowly.

The lieutenant was peering through his glasses again, straining to see clearly in the dusk. He picked up the Korean, focused, and for a second saw the man's face one more. "Jesus!" Joy overcame him. He knew now, weak and relieved, he knew that he was not looking at an enemy. Stamped on the peasant's face was the same grin that he had seen before; there was no mistaking it, an expression of utter pleasure clung to for fear of losing it, like that of a little boy hurrying home from a movie. "Casey, he's no spy. He's happy! He's seen the movie and he's going home."

"Whaddya know—" Casey settled his chin against the rifle-butt and looked emptily down the sights as they moved ahead of the Korean. "Ya'd think the guy was human!"

He squeezed the trigger.

ALEXANDER BARON

### SEEING THE NEWS FILMS

*Consummatum est.* It will long since
have been finished. You who talk
from the screen's edges into the dark have gone
outside our pity. Finished days ago—
that road now empty. And yet one of you
looked straight at us, who hid in time and space
and warmth and food behind the round glass eye.
One turned her back. A child carried a child.
A child ran searching, will always run. No sound
out of his desperate oval mouth—what we have
written
we have written: nothing will change it. If
we shout, "Look, she is there", he will not hear.

So passing us whose tender pity wraps
the infant princes and the baby bears
behind the glass of the lens you did not ask for
pity or revenge, only an answer—
"Why you? Why we?" You did not say
"You too, it shall be so with you"—before
democracy's fat, glad commentary
hustled you out of being. You stay with us,
an after-image of the colder light
on a white ground, dark—on the white ground
dark, beside the path, a liberated child.

And I, the child, will run always, but never
knowing
a senile general and ten frightened men
for whose prestige I, suddenly lost,
being four years old, and seeming
after long searching, to have fallen asleep
am here, cannot be buried. In this immutable
dream.
Once we could kill people and they would die.

This is the record, this is finished. Wash
that from our fingers, if we can.

ALEX COMFORT

# The Arts and Entertainment

### THE ECOLE DE PARIS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY

LAST week a luncheon was given in the Reynolds Room, Burlington House, which was something of an historical event. The hosts were the Royal Academy; and the occasion was the opening of the exhibition of paintings by the Ecole de Paris organised by that body. And there, sitting next to the President, was Mr. Clive Bell. This conjunction was symbolical of the occasion; for it was appropriate that Mr. Clive Bell, who has devoted more time perhaps than anyone living to attacking the Academy for its reactionary attitude, should have been the guest of honour at the celebration of their most revolutionary gesture.

The President has explained in his foreword the reasons which have led the Academy to open their doors to a school of painting which represents the ideals of art opposite to their own. The gesture is one of pure liberalism, one might almost say of Protestantism; for it is based on the conviction that each individual must make up his own mind on every essential point by an examination of the evidence. Therefore he must be given every opportunity of seeing the evidence with his own eyes. No priest, be he Mr. Clive Bell or Mr. Herbert Read, must come between him and the original. It is better to face facts however subversive than to attempt to suppress them. Here, says the President, are the paintings of this school; come and look at them and decide for yourselves.

The Academy has aimed in this exhibition at giving a survey of what has been achieved in Paris during the last fifty years. Let us see whether they may be said to have achieved that aim. The first feature that strikes the visitor is that the exhibition is chosen with a strong bias; and that bias is, oddly enough, precisely towards the kind of painting most different from what is shown on the walls of Burlington House in the summer months. The Salon artists are not represented at all, and even moderate naturalism is only to be seen in the work of the older generations, those of Bonnard, Vuillard, and Utrillo on the one hand and of Segonzac and Friesz on the other. This bias is of course intentional. The Salon has added nothing to the world's artistic heritage in the last fifty years, and to show such works would have added nothing to the survey.

Never in my recollection has London seen such a comprehensive survey of the most serious French painting of the present century. It would not be relevant to compare this exhibition with the great Post-Impressionist shows of 1910 and 1912 (even if I had seen them and could do so), since they were pioneer work prepared in the excitement of a battle which is now, we may hope, won; and they had the advantages and disadvantages of such work. The present exhibition looks back in relative calm at a movement which has run at any rate a great part of its course and of which much has already passed into history. It is now relatively easy to see what tendencies and which artists were significant in the first two decades of the century, and possible, though not so easy, to form some sort of opinion of what has happened since. In fact one can present an historical view of the movement as a whole.

This has been achieved by Mr. McEwen and the French authorities who selected the pictures, though the evolution would have been plainer to the visitor if the canvases had been more logically hung. As far as possible the works of a single artist have been kept together, but in certain cases the artist finds himself among rather ill-assorted neighbours, so that the sequence of development is broken.

The exhibition opens with the Nabis and the Fauves, both of whom are admirably represented. Given the extreme difficulty of getting early paintings by Matisse, the organisers are to be congratulated on their choice, which not only includes two first-rate paintings of the Fauve period but wisely does not contain any of his more popular and smarter works painted in the years after the first war. The early Cubist group naturally looks sad owing to the absence of Picasso, but this is nearly compensated by the fine series of Braque, Gris and Léger, the last of whom appears in his proper proportions as one of the finest and most inventive artists of the whole movement.

Certain works by painters who stand slightly apart from the main stream must be mentioned. The first is a superb Jungle scene by the Douanier Rousseau, as fine as any of his works in this style. It has, alas, been thought necessary to support this masterpiece by the works of real "Sunday painters" such as Vivin and Vivancos, who possess all the vices but none of the virtues of the Douanier himself. Rouault is represented by an impressive group, including one lovely early water-colour; Chagall, by a series of paintings which display favourably his slight imaginative gift before he had killed it by overwork.

The painters who emerged from the Post-Impressionists but never advanced much beyond this first stage—Marquet, Segonzac, Friesz—occupy the greater part of the third room, but among their works the savage Expressionism of Soutine and the deformations of Modigliani look ill at ease. The last two rooms include the rather small number of Surrealist paintings and are otherwise devoted to the younger painters, those, that is to say, who came to maturity between the two wars. Here the emphasis is on the abstract artists, though the strong element of Expressionism which has become apparent in Paris since 1939 is also clearly shown.

The field is, therefore, generally speaking admirably covered, and, if one complains about certain inclusions and certain omissions, such a complaint should be prefaced with the admission that no exhibition of this scale could possibly include every artist of importance working in the period. My own regret is that certain aspects of Cubism are omitted, and that the names of Gleizes, Metzinger, Ozenfant and Jeanneret do not occur, since they all played their part in the creation of the style and produced works of distinction in it. More serious is the inclusion of certain artists who have no business to be here, such as Kandinsky, Mondriaan and Campigli. All these artists have at one time or another lived in Paris; but their finest and most original works—including most of those selected for this exhibition—were painted when they were members of the German, Dutch and Italian schools respectively. Enough of the names included in the Ecole de Paris are of foreign origin in any case; but the artists who bear them are French by adoption, and have spent the greater part of their active career in France. Those mentioned above, however, have all preserved their independence and are at heart members of the Central European school, not of the Ecole de Paris.

I suppose most visitors will turn with the greatest interest and curiosity to the last two rooms. What, one is always hearing asked, are the young French painters doing? Here is the material for the answer; and I fear a very disappointing answer. I am not an expert on French painting since the war, but the works here exhibited seem to me to be a quite fair cross-section of what one sees in Paris. The dominant tendencies seem to be as follows: an eclecticism which aims at combining the qualities of Picasso and Matisse; a strong movement towards pure abstract painting; and a leaning towards Expressionism, principally in colour, but also to a smaller extent in the choice of grim and disagreeable subjects. Now the surprising fact is that all these tendencies are towards styles which have already been fully worked out; for Expressionism and abstract art were both developed—one might even say exploited—in Central European painting during the period 1905 to 1925. There is, of course, nothing wrong in an artist returning to an earlier tradition; but I cannot myself see that these young artists are adding any-

thing new to the styles which they take up. That they produce agreeable and often sensitive variations on the familiar themes is undeniable. But is this enough?

What matters, however, is the effect such an exhibition may have on young painters in England. They will undoubtedly see a lot of works by artists whom they hardly know. Will they find sustenance in them? Will they get a hint which will lead them in the way they want to go? Among the works of the older painters I believe they will, for too many of them are still hardly to be seen in this country. But I cannot bring myself to believe that the younger members of the Ecole de Paris have much to teach their opposite numbers over here.

In one other field this exhibition might have a useful effect. For too long it has been the custom to assume that the Royal Academy is a body whose main object is to suppress everything that is serious or progressive in the arts. Its various attempts to attract artists of the more advanced kind have generally met with rebuffs, as if the Academy was something untouchable. Now that it has given this open and tangible proof of good faith, of its desire to widen its interests, will its opponents think again? No doubt the Academy will be attacked by many of its old supporters for selling the pass to the moderns; will it also have to go on being snubbed by those to whom it is accused of having sold it?

ANTHONY BLUNT

## RACINE FRICKER

ENOUGH of Mr. Racine Fricker's work has lately been performed to give us a distinct impression of his musical personality. As usual, it is to the smaller "free-lance" groups that we must turn for our knowledge of a vivid and original new talent. At the last Morley College concert, Maria Lidka played, quite admirably, Mr. Fricker's new Violin Concerto, accompanied by a chamber orchestra under the direction of Walter Goehr; while the London Classical Orchestra (a new formation, conducted by Trevor Harvey) has performed at Chelsea his *Prelude, Elegy and Finale* for strings, which had been broadcast in the Third Programme a few evenings previously by Anthony Bernard's Chamber Orchestra. (Mr. Harvey is repeating this work in the last of his three programmes, on January 30th.)

The two works have much in common. They show a deep seriousness, a highly sensitive feeling for texture, and a logical certainty of direction which is remarkable in so young a composer (Mr. Fricker was born in 1920). His Symphony struck most of its Cheltenham hearers as the expression of a tragic outlook on life, and that impression has been only slightly modified by the music which we have subsequently heard. The passages in which this composer seems to speak with most conviction are filled with an impassioned, brooding melancholy or with a delicate, unsmiling grace. Very characteristic, in the Violin Concerto, is his habit of ending a movement by a gradual slimming down and filing away of all sensuous accretions, until nothing is left but a bare unison. When he attempts to escape into a lighter and livelier mood, he is apt to lose some of his individuality: thus, the last movement of the *Prelude, Elegy and Finale* is a piece of good, vigorous contrapuntal writing for strings, not very easily distinguishable from that of any first-rate craftsman with an advanced harmonic idiom; and the rondo-finale of the Violin Concerto descends, here and there, into triviality. But if we were to judge a composer by his finales, especially by his concerto finales, where would some of our admired classics stand? In the earlier movements of these two works we find plentiful evidence of a powerful and poetic imagination, expressing itself freely and naturally in musical sounds and shapes. The lyrical section which opens and closes the first movement of the Violin Concerto is notable for its delicate placing and spacing, layer above layer, of long, intricately winding, melodic lines. The second movement, in a *siciliano* rhythm, suffers to some extent from the want of memorable thematic material. A tendency to allow figures to do the work of themes ought, perhaps, to be guarded against. On the other hand, I hope that Mr. Fricker will continue to follow his own bent, as an artist, without paying too much attention to complaints of his lack of "geniality." Not that I undervalue geniality in music; far from it; there are pages in *Die Fledermaus* which I should hate to sacrifice in favour of anything whatsoever. What matters is to express genuine personal feelings, and not to strike a conventional attitude. Plenty of the gloom in modern art is conventional, just as much of the gaiety of the past was artificial. But Johann Strauss was naturally gay; and in Mr. Fricker's bitterness I find nothing wilful, nothing exaggerated or self-conscious; above all, none of that coarseness and violence which is often glibly assumed to reflect the violence of the modern world.

William Wordsworth is a composer of a more conservative hue than Racine Fricker—from which it should not be inferred that his music is dull or obvious. The best of his chamber works (so far as I have heard them) is a new Piano Trio, included by the excellent Robert Masters Quartet in their recent Wigmore Hall concert. This A major trio, firmly anchored in traditional tonality but with many telling departures from the norm, has attractive melodic ideas, deployed with an airy grace and scored with a transparency of texture which must make it delightful to play. Unlike most contemporary chamber music, it should be within the powers of a good amateur ensemble.

The Morley College concert also included a repetition (from their last season) of Haydn's "Maria Theresa" Mass in B flat, memorable for its lovely interweaving of soloists and chorus and for its rich and tender setting of the *Et incarnatus est* and *Crucifixus*. Three of the four soloists in the Mass also took part in a welcome complete performance of Berlioz's song-cycle *Les Nuits d'Eté*; by an unpardonable omission, the poems of Théophile Gautier were not printed in the programme, although this contained no fewer than eight completely blank pages. Most of the six songs represent the delicate, lyrical Berlioz which the world has conspired to ignore—and which few but native French singers can satisfactorily interpret. Marjorie Thomas, however, made a lovely thing out of the *Spectre de la Rose*; and Marko Rothmüller caught the sombre atmosphere, though not all the sensuous beauty, of *Sur les Lagunes*. Peter Pears, rendered inaudible in *L'Ile Inconnue* by the unkind acoustics of the Central Hall, sang with much delicacy, especially in *Au Cimetière*. But was it wise to allot so many songs (which seem to have been intended indifferently for soprano or tenor) to a single voice—four out of the six? And were not Walter Goehr's tempi often too sleepy for these airy fantasies? The orchestral detail is so fine that to linger over it may have proved an irresistible temptation.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## TELEVISION NOTES

VISUAL discussion can evidently be a spectacular success, and the highlight of indoor television for several weeks past has been the Friday evening forum called *In the News*, an item recently analysed and welcomed in this column. On the basis of lease-lend between sound and vision TV has now borrowed *We Beg to Differ* and, having made several changes in the familiar team—all for the worse—reduced the thing to a shambles in its first screen presentation. Even a free-for-all must be governed by the rudiments of discipline if it is to retain a coherent shape, but on this occasion the proceedings were rarely under control and none of the seven participants seemed willing to give way in the consequent shouting-match. But if the management was bad, the intellectual level was worse. For example, the chairman held up two pictures by Paul Klee and incited his rabble to give tongue about them. After a ragged volley of those witticisms which modern painting always incites among Philistines, two of the panel did, indeed, endeavour to put in a good word for abstract art. But they, too, seemed barren of clues to Klee and managed to reveal nothing but some inarticulate indignation towards their vulgar companions.

I blame the B.B.C., more than this squad of chatterboxes, for the ineptitude of this performance. When *We Beg To Differ* first took the air it was an amusing exercise in badinage based upon differences of outlook between the sexes. It made effective capital out of those matters on which women as women are inclined to differ from men as men. That line of exploitation having become exhausted in due course the B.B.C. has lately allowed *We Beg To Differ* to masquerade as a Brains Trust. But a Brains Trust must have brains—authority, expertise, powers of exposition, none of which, of course, are called for in a light-hearted knockabout of mere differences. The TV version of *We Beg To Differ* commits the same error and encourages a bunch of entertainers to live beyond their mental means and to "discuss" matters on which they have no business to pronounce. If the B.B.C. insists (and rightly) that religion shall not be treated with levity on the air why does it so often allow art and knowledge to be kicked around by a parcel of clowns?

The cleverest TV entertainment I have yet seen was a parody of itself called *Here's Television*, a pungent inventive satire by the script-writers of *Take It From Here* (Norden and Muir) reinforced by Sid Colin. It sorted out, with devastating mockery, the whims of play-producers, the mannerisms of TV personalities and mounted, above all, a quite superb caricature of *In the News*. It is a good sign when TV can thus regard itself in the distorting mirror of malicious wit. Another variety of first-class comedy, with a similarly astringent flavour, is *How Do You View* (also scripted, in part, by Sid Colin) in which Terry-Thomas reveals himself as the undoubted ace of TV comics.

From the rest of the month's offerings I must praise G. S. Cansdale, Superintendent of the London Zoo, a man with a natural talent for handling words as well as animals. Praise, too, for an excellent production of *Candida* by Royston Morley, most subtle in his manipulation of close-ups. In renewing my appreciation of *In the News* I must disappove of A. J. P. Taylor as chairman of a recent session: the referee should never throw away his whistle and go butting bald-headed into the scrum. It kind of puts the players off their game.

W. E. WILLIAMS

## THE MOVIES

**"Sunday in August," and "The Feast of St. Isidore and the Horrors of War," at the Academy**

**"Life Begins To-morrow," at the Cameo-Polytechnic**

AT the seaside and at the art of Goya—on distinct visits, of course—a visitor to the Academy this week will find himself rubber-necking with Luciano Emmer. He is known here, among a few, in his earlier role as interpreter of paintings. The human eye (he has seemed to argue) only *thinks* it sees a whole painting—say, Goya's famous Guitar Player: what it does is to turn its attention rapidly, like a burglar's flash, on detail after detail, fixing itself at moments on a centre to assemble its knowledge. Then let the camera extend this activity; always on the go through unseen galleries, let it dispense with the picture frame, bring together unexpected corners, pick up movement from immobile canvas, and in general dramatise the themes of the artist. This, in the film with the unquotable title, he has attempted with Goya; it is Goya in strip-cartoon, Goya caught growing like a wheat-grain. The Guitar Player himself breaks silence with the fingers of Segovia, who has devised the film's accompaniment; the confrontations of the bull-fight startle; war cascades all its horrors, the nightmare takes flight, and we return at festival time,

# SORCERY

THE sorcerer was reputed to have the power of converting human beings into strange animals. He turned princesses into frogs — men into swine. As the change was almost always for the worst, his magic powers were greatly feared — and with good reason! The sorcerer of the present day is the organic chemist, but his work is everywhere welcomed, because the changes he makes possible are always for the better. Have you ever seen a piece of cotton cloth coming straight from the loom? A drab and shabby-looking article indeed. But see it later, after it has been cleaned, softened, filled, made creaseless and given a lustre. What a transformation is there . . . sow's ear into silk purse, toad into princess . . . a transformation directly due to the wide range of textile chemicals known as auxiliary products, made by the British dyestuffs industry. There is little that the British organic chemists cannot do with textiles. They have auxiliary products which make cotton as transparent as glass, others which soften it to resemble swansdown or make it so stiff that a pleated collar sticks out like an old-time ruff. They can make cotton look like silk or dull the lustre of rayon. They have chemicals known as stripping agents, which take the dye out of a fabric, and wetting agents, which make materials more absorbent. They have even evolved a product which enables the softest fabric to repel water without loss of texture. It is no exaggeration to say that the chemist through these organic auxiliary products *makes* the modern fabric. It is the chemist who transforms it from a lifeless material into the highly attractive, beautifully finished product you buy in the shops.

ICI

to hover over the view of Madrid across the river. Part enlightenment, part paradox, it has come off. I happen to have put Emmer to the test, because, shortly after seeing this film last autumn at Biarritz, I spent five mornings in the Prado Museum ambulating a more ruminative eye of my own. A method obviously best suited to the painter who has spent his life telling a story. Black-hatted men in sunlight with cloaks held up to their eyes—only the camera could bring the illusion of walking up to those eyes; and everywhere, in the Goya crowd, we shoulder our way, poke our noses in, and withdraw with a grin or an indrawn breath.

The transition to the seaside, with *Sunday in August*, isn't after all perhaps so extreme. Here it is a Roman crowd, piling out in trains and cars, on bikes, scooters, for the day off. Joyously we become part of the rush, the clatter, the music, the humanity, poor and rich, that floods to meet a more decorous sea. Fatness: on that motive alone Emmer plays here the most delectable of variations. It waves hands, it feeds, it flirts, it exposes itself to sky and water. All the adventures of the taxi-driver's family, from bulging departure to the return on tow and a basinful of soapy water flung down out of the night, go on dancing in memory. The whole outing, in fact, comes nearer to Rowlandson than to Goya; and there are touches of poetry, in the leaflets dropped from an aeroplane, the adolescent couple running back through the trees. Not all the threads of story picked out are equally good, but on the whole it makes as genuine and relishable a piece of mass-observation as the cinema has contrived. What it lacks most is pictorial distinction: proof that Emmer's interest lies less in works of art than in the life they contain. Now that he has, so to speak, taken the plunge, may we expect further headers into the everyday?

*Life Begins To-morrow* (directed by Nicole Védrès) sets out to shock our attention with new ideas in science, literature, and art. Sartre distributes a burden of hopes and blames with existential impassivity, Jean Rostand (charming old gentleman) only just stops short of dangling test-tube babies before our eyes, Picasso introduces feminine curves into pottery and displays a massive masculinity on the beach, Corbusier haunts his eyrie in the unfinished Marseilles block, and the young hero (Jean-Pierre Aumont), who has been interviewing these and other notabilities, ends up in the radiant halls of Unesco. While the film wobbles between fable and document, and doesn't get much further than any press symposium on *Whither Now*, it manages to keep the eye and the mind in a fairly continuous apprehension. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**"Here Goes!" at the Unity Theatre**

Unity being a Communist organisation, it is not sensible to complain because the anti-American pedal is sustained so continuously in their latest revue. Still one may deplore it, for Mr. Geoffrey Parsons and Mr. Berkeley Fase show us once again that they are among the wittiest of contemporary lyric writers and composers. Between them they have written the words and music for the whole of this extremely clever revue, and, with a single exception ("Shakedown") the level of it is remarkably high. We are never bored, even though we may be irritated, by the repetition of their naive political assumptions, so amusingly are they presented. In between times there is a parody, with some brilliant lines, of Eliot and Fry ("Cocktails in Camberwell, or The Proletariat Observed") a delightfully wicked Lysistrata number ("Nothin' Doin' Tonight") and a very agreeable "sweet" song (Boy and Girl Story). Special mention among the cast, first to the Misses Elsie Chisnall, Margaret Randall, and Iris Ritchie for their brilliant presentation of three Juvenile Delinquents (female) then to Miss Doris Levenson for her singing, especially of the beautifully produced "Civilisation," and finally to Mr. Bill Ward, in particular, for brushing up our economics with his lecture on the difference between hard and soft currency. T. C. W.

# Correspondence

## THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—May I be permitted, as a Conservative in politics and a non-pacifist in outlook, to express my appreciation of your most admirable articles on the Korean situation, and, in particular, to record, for what it is worth, my complete agreement with Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's excellent letter in your issue of January 13.

It appears to me, from the point of view of China, that the non-recognition by the U.S. of the Government of Mao Tse-tung, and the establishment of a base in Formosa, which can have no *raison d'être* apart from the reinstatement of Chiang Kai-shek, must have appeared to be an act of aggression, long previous to the advance by U.N. forces through Northern Korea to the frontier of Manchuria, and to the suggestion of General McArthur that it might be necessary to rearm Japan.

"*Cet animal est très méchant. Quand on l'attaque il se défend!*" There can be no conceivable justification for the imposition of sanctions, and it appears to me essential that His Majesty's Government should state categorically that Great Britain will vote against their imposition, and that it should insist on the discussion and if possible the settlement of all Far Eastern questions on terms of full equality with the Government of the Chinese People's Republic.

We have no quarrel with that Government—the best that China has known for many years by all accounts, and it would be an act of criminal folly to compel its hostility, and to throw China, willy nilly, into Russia's arms. C. H. GREY, LT. COL.

West Lodge, Malton.

## PEACE WITH CHINA

SIR,—Glancing through six daily papers the morning after the Kingsway Hall meeting, I saw only one brief mention of that important gathering. If for no other reason, that is sufficient proof of the need for the new "Peace with China Council." But we owe it to the speakers of the two recent public meetings to be missionaries for peace, and that means not only attending meetings *but bringing other interested people*. Unless we do, we have no right to take up the time of busy men who already have more than full-time jobs.

Never have the newspapers been so out of touch with the man in the street, so do not let us be too "middle class" in our contacts. I know two young window cleaners who a few years ago hopefully began their work together. They had just been demobbed, had helped to put the present Government in power, and were full of hope for the future. But, every time they call to clean my windows now, they express disappointment with the Government's foreign policy and show ever greater frustration. Both married, and still on housing waiting lists, they dread the prospect of being called up again, knowing that another war would, as they call it, "put paid" to all their hopes for the future. They are disillusioned with all political parties and say they do not intend to vote for anyone at the next election.

Now this is not a healthy sign, but it is easy for better educated people to be critical. We need to remember that these young men, and countless others, have not been brought up on meetings—they get their news from the more sensational products of the millionaire press, and though they despise what they read, they need a lot of persuading to look elsewhere for news or to attend meetings that would clear up some of their fears and doubts. They have taken orders all their lives and do not find it easy to think and act on their own initiative. At the end of a day's work they are tired and dirty. Let us remember that when we form our local Councils and try to arrange meetings to suit all types.

We can, in addition to writing to the local press, repair the serious omission of the daily papers by publishing our own local news-letters, making mention of the many excellent peace journals such as *One World*, *Peace News*, *Reconciliation*, etc., and supporting all journals who dare to publish the truth. We can also pass on these journals to overseas friends. In a recent letter from a member of the Women's International League in Washington, a friend wrote: "We must not lose faith. Every effort, every sincere thought, every prayer, every expression of confidence in the power of love and goodness is worth while. All such things count in the current which must some time gain momentum."

But it is in the House of Commons when it re-assembles next week that we have got to make ourselves heard. And remember, not only the peace-loving group in America, *but our own working classes, are waiting for a lead*. We have much to do, and time is not on our side.

20A, Nevern Mansions, Earls Court, S.W.5. WINIFRED CUMMINGS

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SIR,—I was present at the meeting in Kingsway Hall on Monday, January 8th, at which the "Peace with China Council" was set up. While broadly in sympathy with the aims of the Council, as any rational person must be, I feel that all the speakers at the meeting skirted round a number of disagreeable considerations. You yourself, while exhorting the audience to face facts, were, I felt, guilty in this respect.

In the pamphlet *The Peril of World War*, distributed at the meeting, five points for British initiative are laid down. The first refers to the Cairo and Potsdam decisions on Formosa. We should emphasise, it says, that these are binding on the signatories. Is it not a fact that the Cairo Declaration deals not only with Formosa, but with Korea? The Prime Minister said in the House of Commons on December 14th: "Until China shows by her action that she is not obstructing the fulfilment of the Cairo Declaration in respect of Korea and accepts the basic principle of the Cairo Declaration, it will be difficult to reach a satisfactory solution." Surely this is just as relevant as the question of Formosa?

The third point in the pamphlet speaks of opposing extension of the Korean conflict. No speaker mentioned the invasion of Tibet, or China's role in Indo-China. But surely these are very pertinent extensions of the conflict?

The fourth point refers to the settlement of Korea, its unity and independence. How these aims can be achieved if United Nations Commissions and Forces are not to be allowed to go North of the 38th Parallel was not explained.

The fifth point speaks of the economic rehabilitation and the solution of the political problems of Korea, but once again there was no suggestion of how one could set about these important tasks if the United Nations are excluded by force from half of the country in question.

I think your meeting would have shown greater realism and offered greater usefulness if your Council had called for a straightforward bargain without moralisations. China should respect the Cairo Declaration on Korea; the U.S.A. should respect the same Declaration on Formosa. Scarcely any other solution is visible. J. A. TERRAINE

33A Kensington Park Gardens, W.11.

## GOOKMANSHIP

SIR,—It is somewhat disturbing to note that vociferous criticism is going the rounds in England over the insolence of America and our attempts to draw you into a war with China. If England has any way to settle the world's difficulties, so far we have not heard of it. If you have accused yourselves of being "gooks" for military purposes of the U.S., I suggest you make a little study of the real situation. Maybe we are "gooks" in Korea. We all or about all in this country think so. Maybe we are "gooks" for maintaining an army in Europe. Most of us think so. Maybe we are "gooks" passing out out money and resources for Europe's recovery and protection. Likewise we are beginning to think so, now that we are being lambasted if we don't, and criticised if we do.

We have a gullible Executive department which is rapidly being discredited by American people. An Executive department which does not hesitate to consign American Youth to fight world battles for those who don't appreciate our efforts. An Executive department which does not hesitate in its attempts to make the U.S.A. a goat pasture, after our country had been built up by hard work and National devotion for

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200 years, endowed by Nature's God with large resources, but not so great as the British Empire.

The common people, perhaps a majority of them, think the U.N. a farce: a sort of a broadcasting station enabling Russians to tell the world what a penurious Shylock Uncle Sam is. Meantime we are furnishing 90 per cent of the force to maintain it with 90 per cent of the deaths. The North Atlantic pact may cause more wars than it prevents. Maybe we Americans are "gooks" for being drawn into both of these.

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. J. W. REEVES

## CLASS Z RESERVE

SIR,—The projected Z Reserve recall has stimulated sufficient hostile response to warrant the national press publishing a sample of ex-Service men's letters. The majority of these letters express rather a narrow and selfish view—not that limited call-up is itself a further step in the drift to war, but that other young men, and those who escaped World War II, should now carry the gun. However, the public now know that feeling among ex-Service men ranges from reluctance to a very solid determination against further war service. The onus is surely on the Government to prove with clarity that this country is truly threatened; alternatively to abandon careless appeals to patriotism, and concentrate on getting an American-Russian agreement in the Far East and Europe, of which we should all approve.

Confidence springs from knowledge, and hysteria from lack of it. If men and women lack confidence in the justice of our cause against another Power, our morale will be defective in crisis, and we shall be nothing but mercenaries on the battlefield. After five years of eloquent testimonial to the permanent destruction of German and Japanese militarism, we are promised that the Nazis and the Kempeitai shall be our allies. As one who gave evidence before the International Military Tribunal against Tojo, and who saw the frightful results of Japanese pillage throughout Asia, I cannot accept this somersault. Let us follow a good example, not set a bad one, if we are to sustain our integrity.

Ex-Service Men's Anti-War Group, 21 Canonbury Grove, N.1. NICHOLAS READ-COLLINS, Ex-Lt. Col. R.A. *Chairman*

## ARREST IN SINGAPORE

SIR,—John Eber has been arrested in Singapore under the Emergency regulations on suspicion of disseminating Communist Party literature. According to one report Eber and a number of other people were arrested in order to break up "a revolutionary movement helping Communist rebels."

At the end of the war John Eber was concerned in the formation of the Malayan Democratic Union. This organisation was dissolved on the proclamation of the Emergency.

The objects of the Union as stated in its constitution are:

"To work for the attainment of democratic full self-government of Malaya and the promotion of economic, social and educational advancement of all Malayan citizens on the basis of racial equality."

The Union's programme as set out in a Manifesto dated December 8th, 1945, is:

(1) Self-government for Malaya within the British Commonwealth of Nations;

(2) A Legislative Assembly for Malaya composed of freely elected representatives of the people;

(3) Votes for all Malayan citizens above the age of 21 years, irrespective of race, sex, religion or property;

(4) Complete freedom of person, speech, press and meeting;

(5) Education reform, including free elementary, secondary and technical education for all;

(6) A social security scheme, including free medical services throughout Malaya;

(7) Improved standard of life for all;

(8) Complete equality in the employment of Malayans and removal of colour-bar restrictions.

It would, I feel, be difficult for any decent person to quarrel with these objects and this programme.

I last met Eber at the end of 1947. Temperamentally I should have said that he was the last man to join the Communist Party. An intelligent, mild and most level-headed man, and a Eurasian with the respect and trust of the leaders of the racial groups, one might have thought that the Administration would have found in him a most useful ally. His arrest must call for the most melancholy reflections upon the present situation in Malaya.

From what I know of Eber, I should say that in arresting him and his friends for disseminating Communist literature or helping the rebels, the Administration have panicked, which is unfortunate, since it shows weakness.

If, on the other hand, he has been driven to support the rebels, it would suggest that this counsel of despair must be largely prevalent among the leaders of the racial groups, without whose support British rule in Malaya cannot long continue.

And if, in fact, Eber and his friends have thrown in their lot with the Communists, then it would seem that the membership qualification of the Tanglin Club (which was powerful enough to exclude the Governor's non-European friends accompanied by the Governor) has more practical effect upon the life of the people of Malaya and Singapore than the Labour Government's attempt to export Socialism to its Colonies.

F. E. MOSTYN

25 Margarette Terrace, S.W.3.

## WHAT THE MINER WANTS

SIR,—I feel sure all my clerical colleagues in the mining industry would agree with Helen Gosse in her statement "What the Miner Wants," but our six months' full pay is a "make up" of the difference between National Insurance Benefit and salary, which is slightly different from what is implied.

Furthermore, prior to the present agreement, clerical workers enjoyed concessional coal on the same basis as the manual workers, but now we have to pay £1 per ton, at least, in our Division, and those clerical workers transferred to area offices are no longer deemed to be engaged "in and about the mines," and must pay ordinary prices.

The inference in her final paragraph concerning rewards shows a lack of appreciation of the real relation between clerical workers and others. Clerical work is a craft which, under the National Coal Board, demands fullest application, and the intricacies of a miners' pay sheet, or the various forms, returns, appendices, "A," "B," "C," memorandums, etc., would baffle a Senior Wrangler almost. Is £6 10s. per week, at 27 years of age, after say 10 years in the industry, an unfair reward, when Europeans of all kinds can enter the mines and, with the new increase, earn £6 7s. for shovelling rubbish?

C.A.W. Union, 4 Llanfach Road, Abercarn, Mon. J. H. BARNES *Branch Secretary.*

## GERMAN RE-ARMAMENT

SIR,—In your editorial "Need Germany be re-armed?" I find the implication repeated that the leader of the German Social Democrats would only agree to re-armament for a war to re-conquer the Eastern provinces; for "a war of aggression", as you called it some weeks ago in your London Diary.

However, Dr. Schumacher has made it clear beyond doubt that his phrase of an "offensive-defensive" means nothing of that sort. What he has said is that the Germans "need guarantees which rule out a Dunkirk withdrawal by the Allies," that Germany will not be used as a scorched-earth battlefield covering a delaying retreat. For that reason the war should at once be carried to the East in case of an aggression, in order to keep the invader from Germany's territory.

BERNH. REICHENBACH
London Correspondent,
*Rheinische Zeitung.*

## GROUNDNUTS

SIR,—I quite see that you have to do your best about the groundnuts fiasco. But isn't it going a bit far to describe the collapse of the greatest Socialist experiment in Colonial development that has ever been undertaken as a warning against the exploitation of agricultural resources on large-scale capitalist lines? I have yet to learn of a capitalist undertaking which deals in units of 30,000 acres; or which can afford to throw good money after bad to the tune of £36 millions.

House of Commons. ROBERT BOOTHBY

## EDWARD GARNETT

SIR,—Edward Garnett was a darling. It hurts me to know he died during one of our quarrels—I was just waiting for the right moment for a come-back; probably he knew that. I hope so. He was usually right about cuts, but I thought he had overdone it that time, though it wasn't with him but another publisher that I had one of my rows ending in his concession "You can keep the word *buttons* if you omit the word *trousers*." It would all have tickled itself up; but as one gets more experience as a writer, so one gets touchier over certain things. I wept over his earlier cuts but agreed to them. But oh, the lovely feeling of going to see him, telling him all about it—whatever it was—and knowing that he would be as interested as a lover in one's half-formed ideas and intentions. He "understood." Or at least he appeared to; he would let one sit with one's hands round one's knees pouring it all out, and he would never look bored. I wish I knew if he was sometimes thinking about something quite different: if he did, what superb Bloomsburymanship! But I wouldn't mind: I would understand that now. For of course one loved him; these things are mutual. I long for him to be here now, to be able to talk to him, to taste again the spiced honey of his praises; even to take his blame. NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale House,
Carradale,
Campbeltown, Argyll.

## T. S. ELIOT'S POETRY

SIR,—A letter in your Jan. 6 issue from Miss Elizabeth Drew suggests that my adverse review of her book on Mr. Eliot's poetry implied that I did not think much of the poetry itself. So may I go on record as being of the opinion that Mr. Eliot is a magnificent poet? CHARLES MADGE

91 Varna Road,
Birmingham, 5.

## BEN TILLETT

SIR,—I am collecting material for a book on Ben Tillett, the labour and trade union leader, and am anxious to see any letters or documents which may help me to do justice to the memory of that great and lovable man.

I should be grateful if anyone who possesses any correspondence or other material concerning him would lend it to me.

Needless to say the greatest care will be taken of such documents, which will be returned as soon as possible. IAN MACKAY

Flat 69, 105 Hallam Street,
London, W.1.

## E. D. MOREL

SIR,—Material is now being collected for a biography of my father, the late E. D. Morel, M.P., and his work for Congo Reform, for the Union of Democratic Control, and for the labour movement. If anyone has pertinent letters or papers, we should be very grateful for a chance to copy and return them.

Bulkamore Farm,
South Brent, S. Devon. ROGER MOREL

## TANKS IN KOREA

SIR,—Allow me to correct a misprint in a recent article. I did not talk of 100-*ton* tanks (I don't even know if such things exist) but of the extra 100 (one hundred) tanks which, had they been supplied by the Russians to the North Koreans as they were approaching Fusan last August, might have made all the difference to the outcome of the campaign. But, for reasons explained in my article, the Russians, *at that time*, dreaded the international consequences and the effect inside the United States of an "American Dunkirk," and therefore refrained from helping the North Koreans on their "last lap to victory." ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris.

# Books in General

In 1530 two Italianate Englishmen discussed politics together. Reginald Pole was a somewhat priggish character: his ideal, he said, was Plato's *Republic*. Thomas Cromwell was sceptical. Such views, he said, were now out of date: the duty of a statesman was to see through such verbiage to the reality of politics; and since Pole's studies in Padua had evidently been inadequately supervised, he obligingly offered to lend him, in manuscript (for it had not yet been printed) a more up-to-date manual of politics. He afterwards forgot to send the book (he was rather busy in the next decade) but Pole read and remembered it with virtuous pain. It was, he said, "written by the finger of Satan." It was *The Prince* of Machiavelli.

No man, perhaps, until Marx, has had so various, so revolutionary an effect on political thought as Machiavelli. A scholarly official and observant ambassador of the Florentine Republic, a friend (in spite of his views) of Popes and Cardinals, he seemed, in his lifetime, a distinguished academic figure. After his death, his most famous work, *The Prince*, was at last published, with papal blessing, and in twenty years ran into twenty-five editions. Then, at mid-century, opinion began to harden. The Council of Trent ordered the destruction of his works. At Rome he was denounced as a detestable atheist. In Germany the Jesuits burnt him in effigy. In France the hatred felt for Catherine de Medici and her Italian court was concentrated on his head. He penetrated to Scotland as "Mitchell Wylie," the spirit embodied in that sceptical politician Maitland of Lethington. In England the dramatists made the "murderous Machiavel" a type and patron of poisoners and assassins. His works were banned in England as in Rome. Poets, peoples, governments, protestants, Pope—all seemed united in detestation of that name.

And yet, behind that solidarity of ignorance and prejudice which so often unites governments and people, the greatness of Machiavelli was never forgotten. Long before his works had been printed, the Italian booksellers had employed professional copyists to reproduce them. Long after they had been banned manuscript translations passed from hand to hand in England, and the Italian text was piratically printed in London for learned readers. Already by 1540 Pole declared that Machiavelli "had poisoned England and would poison all Christendom." Thomas Cromwell's disciple, Richard Morison, read him privately in Germany with his secretary Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth; Sir John Cheke read him, the tutor of King Edward VI; Cheke's brother-in-law Lord Burghley read him, and Queen Elizabeth's other servants, Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Walter Raleigh read him, and Sir Francis Bacon. And as they read, little by little the cloak of respectability wore gradually thinner, the pretence of secrecy was dropped, the name of their master was discreetly avowed and quietly praised. Even so, it was not till the eve of the Puritan Revolution that his greatest works, the *Discourses* and *The Prince* were at last, with timid apologies, published in English. In that revolution the last shreds of humbug were torn away, and the greatest of its political thinkers, examining their revolution with his new technique, were no longer afraid to glorify their teacher: "the best and most honest of all the modern politicians," "one of the wisest, most judicious and true lovers of his country . . . and generally of the good of all mankind;" in short, "the divine Machiavel."

What was this new science of Machiavelli which had so long outraged the world? To us it seems innocent enough. Machiavelli humanised the study of politics. Rejecting old ideas that human institutions depended on divine prescription or *a priori* reasoning, he declared the simple proposition that the material of history does not change, that valid general laws of political behaviour can therefore be deduced from the past, and that modern politics should be regulated by these scientific laws. These laws are of course as many and various as human experience: there is one set of laws for tyrants wishing to seize and retain absolute power, another for democrats wishing to prevent such tyranny. Machiavelli is not directly concerned with such differences of purpose: he is a pure intellectual concerned to work out the general laws of political cause and effect, regardless of the practical use to which they may be put. To work them out, all that is needed is a deductive faculty and a stretch of history. Since history is recurrent, one stretch is theoretically as good as another; in fact, as an Italian humanist, Machiavelli chose to comment on contemporary Europe by reference to the history of Republican Rome. So a book with the dry title of *Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livy* became the medium of his new doctrine.

Thus in theory the science of Machiavelli, like all science, is entirely neutral as to political aims. Political forms and political methods are to be valued not in themselves but according as they achieve the purpose for which they are intended. Whatever the political form, the real rulers are seldom more than forty or fifty men, and certain institutions, certain rules of method, are essential to any form of government. A republic can no more dispense with ultimate dictatorial authority (like the Venetian Council of Ten) than a prince; religion and certain other forms of fraud are essential instruments of all governors; no revolutionary power can tolerate its avowed enemies: "he who establishes a tyranny without killing Brutus, or a republic without killing the sons of Brutus, will not last long."

And yet, however he try, can a political philosopher really be entirely neutral? It may be that the rules for establishing or overthrowing tyranny are, for their different purposes, equally valid; but what if the question is asked whether tyranny or freedom is more conducive to the peace, the prosperity, or the happiness of a people? This is an entirely neutral question soluble, in Machiavelli's theory, by entirely neutral methods; nevertheless, its answer implies a preference which can hardly be distinguished from amoral preference. So, obliquely, but by his very method, Machiavelli in his *Discourses* allows his own political preferences to emerge. Fundamentally he is a citizen, a republican. He does not believe in single rulers or unitary states. Political life is to him an essential of civilisation, and feudal gentry, who render such life impossible, he abominates. If vigorous city life leads to class-conflict, these are a sign of health, not corruption: "to me those who condemn the quarrels between the nobles and the plebs seem to be cavilling at the very cause of Rome's continued freedom." Further, as between aristocracy and democracy he is a democrat. Aristocracies, like Sparta and Venice, may preserve themselves longest, but only democracies, which refresh their ruling class, can expand. The methods of expansion for all governments are the same: war and conquest; and war and conquest also have their scientific rules.

Nevertheless, if Machiavelli is a republican, his very theory requires that such a preference can never be absolute. Times and necessities change and different circumstances have different rules. "No state, be it republic or kingdom, is either first established or radically changed except by a single person." Machiavelli lived in a time of European crisis: he saw French and Spaniards and Swiss invading Italy and a corrupted Papacy strong enough to foment the evil, too weak to cure it. For such a crisis he judged that a single person was necessary; and so in the end this Florentine republican, with absolute intellectual consistency, called for a tyrant to save Italy. Tyranny has its own rules, and Machiavelli never pretended to like them. But if there was one thing which he liked less it was intellectual muddle, half-measures, "that middle course which is the most prejudicial that men can take," the technical failure to relate means to ends. If the situation called for a tyrant, then it called for the methods appropriate to a tyrant. . . . So the writer of the *Discourses* became also, without any change of philosophy, the writer of *The Prince*.

So also he acquired that bad name which has never really forsaken him. It is an *idée fixe* among men that neutrality is impossible, and no protestations have really persuaded them that Machiavelli did not secretly approve his own propositions. Certainly he protested. He did not, like those modern ideologues who miscall themselves his disciples, pretend that cruelty and treachery were positive virtues. The methods of Philip of Macedon, he declared,

> are exceedingly cruel and repugnant to any human, let alone any Christian community. It were far better to avoid them and live in obscurity than to reign as king by such methods. Nevertheless, if a man wants to reign. . . .

He protested in vain. The doctrine that the end justifies the means has been firmly ascribed to him. Even the Jesuits, who hated him, could not altogether rob him of the discredit of that doctrine; and when John Donne

[1] *The Discourses of Machiavelli*. Translated and edited by Leslie J. Walker, S.J. *Routledge*. £5 5s. 0d.

staged his infernal competition for Satan's favour, he chose as his finalists Ignatius Loyola and Machiavelli.

The controversy continues. Machiavelli's latest editor[1] (himself a Jesuit) almost overheats himself in his eagerness to clear his order of the dreadful imputation. "Let me begin by stating plainly," he writes, "that I reject this doctrine root and branch, and regard it, together with its corollaries, as most pernicious." But why all this moral indignation? Machiavelli's clarity is more instructive than Fr. Walker's heat, and if we examine the question coolly, we soon find the answer. Machiavelli and the Jesuits both, in fact, taught that the end justifies the means, but their meaning was different. The word "end" is misleading: it can mean "intention" or it can mean "result." Machiavelli's word was *effetto*—"result": he had no patience with good intentions. The Jesuits thought otherwise. They were not neutral observers. Indeed, it was against Machiavelli that the Piedmontese Jesuit, Giovanni Botero, insisted that not the result but the intention justifies the means, and thereby launched his new phrase *Raison d'Etat*.

It is interesting to look at the last four centuries of history and observe the consequences of these two doctrines that the end justifies the means: the doctrine of Machiavelli and the doctrine of the Jesuits. Machiavelli, believing no form of government to be absolute, sought only to recommend, for any purpose, the most practical, the most scientific, the least costly means. His great disciple is Bismarck, to whom politics were "the cult of the possible." The Jesuits, having ideals, believed that all means were justified which were intended (even if they failed and whatever the cost) to serve those ideals. From Plato's priest-king to Lenin and Hitler that tradition is clear. On the whole, like Thomas Cromwell, I prefer Machiavelli.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

## THE FORGOTTEN RITE

What are these grave figures in gradual procession
That move with heads inclined to a most hidden music,
Trailing from fluent fingers and leaf-patterned hands
Their wreaths of wild foliage and flowers, garlands
Green and austere as the grove they wander in?
Who are these, bearing the reflections of the moon's bleached lake
Like mystic emblems, lilies, flames preserved in snow
On their ecstatic shoulders, on the pure arms that frame
Their temples' muted vow?

They like devoted spirits move within a scented gloom
Of stone and stars; their robes with mossy hems
Are pale fountains grieving over frosted lawns.
They glide, with gestures secret and slow as swans,
Into the snow-chalked darkness, that shrouds like doom
The parted lips, the veiled eyes of their prophetic dreams.
What does the music say? Whose is the shrine they serve?
O, what are the ceremonies we forget,
And they alone observe?

JAMES KIRKUP

## PARACHUTE TROOPS

**The Red Beret.** By HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Mr. Hilary Saunders, till lately Librarian at the House of Commons, was not designed by nature to be a fighter-pilot, a Commando or a parachutist, but he has been the worthy historian of them all. This volume completes the trilogy. The operations of the parachutists make as good stories when told in detail to-day as they did when we heard them in outline at the time, and Mr. Saunders has thrown nothing of value away. His style is clear and rapid. In his own text he avoids that literary mannerism of service-men, which appears in passage after passage quoted from his sources, of describing matters of life and death as if they were comic occurrences of purely temporary inconvenience ("The Lightnings disposed of two enemy aircraft which were impertinent"). He has also been at great pains to convey, through the welter of battles, the character of the men who fought them. This cannot have been easy. No Corps d'Elite, he says, is entirely free of braggadacio, but the parachutists were no worse in this respect than the Commandos or the Brigade of Guards. They were not men without mercy or scruple: they were just "hard, tough and blunt." They were not a regiment with a ready-made tradition and *esprit-de-corps*: they were volunteers from many different units who were gradually welded together by experience and danger. And if the glamour of floating down on to their battle-fields under a silk canopy made them slightly conceited, they were never allowed to forget that they were primarily foot-soldiers who had to be particularly skilled if they were to survive.

"As to the value of the Parachute Regiment in the field," concludes Mr. Saunders, "there can be no two opinions." Regarding them as ground-troops, this is of course true: they were fantastically brave and resourceful. But after reading the full history of the regiment one finds oneself asking whether the tremendous organisational effort needed to launch them into battle from the air, and the terrible casualties which they suffered from being surrounded at the start of every action, were worth the comparatively minor results achieved.

We were dazzled by the Red Beret. They inherited from the German parachute troops, the men who seized Crete and held Cassino, uncompromising standards and much reflected prestige. Their battles were always dramatic, occurring at moments of the war when the reins were thrown loose, and every civilian could understand their immediate purposes and risks. Their disasters were more tremendous even than their triumphs. But the British parachutists had no Crete among their battle-honours. They blew up an aqueduct in southern Italy and seized a vital piece of radar equipment from Bruneval. They fought, mostly as ordinary infantry, in Tunisia, captured at great cost a bridge in Sicily which proved of little value to the Eighth Army, and landed by sea at Taranto. In June, 1944, when they seized and held the left flank of the Normandy beach-head, they gained little permanent advantage by landing from the air. At Arnhem, where they had their greatest opportunity to influence the course of a major campaign, they failed. At the crossing of the Rhine, the parachutists only "made the swift advance of the 21st Army Group all the swifter." They also dropped in the South of France, at Cos and Samos, and at Megara. In none of these operations was their intervention decisive. In all they fought brilliantly and suffered terribly: of the fourteen parachute battalions which served in Europe or North Africa, six were wiped out. Was it worth it? Did we ever learn how to use them properly?

It is not made clear by Mr. Saunders, possibly because there is no satisfactory explanation and he did not consider it his business to add blame to his candid narrative of the facts, why the parachutists were allowed to suffer from such disastrous and repeated mistakes in Intelligence and navigation as his book reveals. The story of the Sicily operation, when our own ships opened heavy fire on the Dakotas, is already well known. In Normandy, a parachute battalion found itself spread over fifty square miles of country, one stick being dropped thirty miles from its objective. If bombers could pin-point their targets, why not troop-carriers? At Arnhem, the R.A.F. dropped 92 per cent. of their precious containers outside the perimeter occupied by our troops, although wireless and even telephone communication with Arnhem was still open. Why? There are many other such examples scattered through the book, and they make melancholy reading.

NIGEL NICOLSON

## THE DARK HOUR

**The Letters of William Morris.** Edited by PHILIP HENDERSON. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Nobody has ever failed to point out that William Morris was an exile in a foreign century. His closest friend described him as an old Viking, "set down here, and making art because there is nothing else to do." Mackail wrote of the "loneliness and fixedness," in which he had passed his days, and said his death appeared to the survivors a return home. "It seemed natural that he should go out from among them, not being really of them."

And the conclusion is a perfect echo. Turn to *The Earthly Paradise*—not the induction or the envoi, but the web of legend—and you find this:

So deem I of the life that holds me here,
As though I were the shade of one long dead,
Come back a while from Pluto's region drear
To my own land where unremembered
My fathers are . . .

Although the voice is feigned, the application is beyond doubt. Morris was deeply shy, and he was genuinely humble: I suspect, morbidly. "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time"—that plaintive and disarming side of his predicament was all that he expressed openly, even in *The Earthly Paradise*, in which he said nearly everything. The other side appears in "tapestry," as a profound disdain, a sad, inexorable solitude. His friends believed that he had no need of them, and in *The Story of Rhodope* one can see why.

And this detachment of his being works either way; it means one can't get right up to him. The very difficulty is elusive. No one could be less wraithlike; he stands four-square, he talks plain sense on ordinary matters in a clear and plain style—yet he is surely thinking in another language. That is the only way I can express a kind of bafflement which does not depend on meaning, nor yet exactly on the point of view. Neither of these may fend one off, yet there is something interposed . . . And yet one keeps trying again. This book is one more chance, perhaps the best of all, and very nearly final. Not that it contains everything. Letters have disappeared, or been destroyed *en masse*; and some collections that survive are being withheld by their possessors. Needless to say, the unavailable include a number of the most valuable. I think that Mr. Philip Henderson has cause to feel rather sour; he may have wished a formal curse on his obstructors could be added to the "usual acknowledgments." Yet even so, by weeding out the fragments that remain he has produced a large volume, an "almost year-to-year account" of Morris's development throughout the greater part of his life. Some of the new material is of surpassing interest: letters from Morris to his wife and children—but above all, a group of letters to his dearest confidante, in what appears as his darkest hour. Since Mr. Henderson was aiming at a "rounded self-portrait," the æsthete, Socialist and super-workman all have their turn, and occupy at least enough space; but these Coronio letters are the heart of the book. One feels convinced they are the limit of the writer's confidence, the most he would ever say.

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ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

than Mackail, who left so much out? Essentially, it doesn't and can't possibly; for the remoteness is in grain. All through these letters I was haunted by a phrase from *The Silver Tassie*—"a soft velvety feeling of distance": and by an image of the princess on the glass mountain.

But we do learn some facts. We get at least a glimpse of the "dark hour," which Morris hedged with such extreme privacy. And even that is warily designed, for one pair of eyes. Here is its zenith of distinctness:

> One thing wanting ought not to go for so much: nor indeed does it spoil my enjoyment of life always, as I have often told you: to have real friends and some sort of an aim in life is so much, that I ought still to think myself lucky: and often in my better moods I wonder what it is in me that throws me into such rage and despair at other times. I suspect, do you know, that some such moods would have come upon me at times even without this failure of mine.

The rest is silence and conjecture; but he may have found out that Rossetti and his wife were in love. In forty years we may know, for then it will be possible to read their letters in the British Museum. But how should that explain the "dark hour," how can it be "Morris's tragedy" (as it is called in this book), if in the last resort he was indifferent to men and women?—if he was really "isolated, self-centred, almost empty of love or hate"? Mackail believed that he was; and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote on the same side.

> I suppose he had a real affection for Burne-Jones . . . and I have seen him tender to his daughter Jenny and nice with her and with his wife, but I doubt if he thought of them much when he did not see them, and his life was not arranged in reference to them. To the rest of the world he seemed quite indifferent.

And Mr. Henderson agrees in the main. Yet if these letters—and especially the correspondence with Aglaia Coronio—prove anything at all, they prove that Blunt had guessed wrong. To take one instance out of many, from the trip to Iceland:

> Lord! How my heart did go thump thump as I galloped up to the post-office at Reykjavik! . . . What a terrible thing it is to bear that moment before one gets one's letters after those weeks of absence and longing.

Which is enough to show that out of sight was not out of mind. And Morris had no vanity of the emotions. With him, it was a point of honour not to coddle them, or magnify them even in his own breast, or overstate them for whatever reason. This almost bleak sincerity gives a pathetic force to everything that came through it.

I don't say Mr. Henderson is imperceptive, or exactly unfair; but I should rather like to say it. I confess his introduction is admirable, but that again requires an effort. For, to tell the truth, I can't like its tone. In any other case it would be right enough, but not for Morris in his "loneliness and fixedness," in his pathetic distance, on his glass mountain. Where Morris is concerned I am intensely squeamish, and demand chivalry—not merely justice and appreciation, but a kind of deference. And then I am an addict of *The Earthly Paradise*, which Mr. Henderson finds rather dull. Of course, he has opinion on his side; but it is no mere question of æsthetics, not in a biographer. The work is the man, and not to care about it is a flaw in sympathy. Morris is always least remote on the poetic level, where he spoke his own tongue, and where alone one has a feeling of *rapprochement*. And on that level there is much ground for the conclusion that his self-dependence, and indeed his character, was largely self-made. The early tales are wild and gushing, dreamlike in the strict sense, and anything but healthy-minded. The heroes have a morbid tendency to be rejected, and accused of cowardice, and to "fail in the world." "You are a coward and a cripple," says the preposterous heroine of *Frank's Sealed Letter*. Coward, as far as one can judge, the Morris-hero is not, but crippled he appears to be. A charge of cowardice, painfully rebutted, is the source of *A Dream;* and Leuchnar—Morris in another story—is a moral cripple. In spite of it he lives heroically, but he can't be loved best of all. And—"O! you all know what it is to be second in such a race; it is to be nowhere." Morris was obsessed with this theme—the man born to be second fiddle; it did not grow from his experience in marriage, it had always haunted him, though not, perhaps, all the time. He saw himself as Leuchnar in *Gertha's Lovers*, and as Bodli in *The Lovers of Gudrun:* flawed, secondary, dark. Since his ideal was from the first a cheerful manliness, he blamed no one, but set himself to imitate what he admired. And his success, in terms of character and healthy-mindedness, was not far from absolute. In poetry the effect was not so good. Morris, i anyone, had started out as an inspired poet; but in his dreams the nightmare element was strong, and when he cast it out the inspiration had to go too. In later life he said there was no such thing.

K. JOHN


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## A MARXIST PHILOSOPHER

**In Defence of Philosophy.** By MAURICE CORNFORTH. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12s. 6d.

The title of this book is misleading. For it is the Marxist conception and practice of philosophy rather than philosophy itself that it seeks to defend: and it does so largely by means of a preventive attack on various trends and turns of thought, current both in this country and in America, all of an empiricist cast and characterised in a general way by means of the labels "positivism" and "pragmatism," if these are taken in their very widest denotation. But the purpose of the book is not exhausted by any such description: for it is explicitly intended to be not merely a contribution to academic discussion. In the Introduction, the author, in the contemporary fashion, vents his dismay at the way philosophy has of recent years become a technical, specialised, esoteric affair, and in consequence a matter of general indifference to the laity. But in Mr. Cornforth's case, this sense of concern is sharpened by political considerations: since for him "to have no use for philosophy means to accept and to use a capitalist philosophy." So like Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, the book aims at being both a work of philosophy and a tract; and, like its more brilliant predecessor, by trying to be both, fails, in my view, to be either.

It is not an easy book to summarise, for one senses an absence of any general plan governing its construction. However it may be said, in a rough way, to consist of three elements which I shall try to characterise.

First there is the attack on contemporary empiricism. Mr. Cornforth, unlike most popular critics of positivism, appears to have read widely in the literature of the subject. But unfortunately this is largely neutralised by the pervasive misinterpretation he puts on the doctrines he attempts to assess: whether it be from intellectual ineptitude or from a certain opportunism natural to a polemical writer, Mr. Cornforth universally practises the policy of confusing in order to confute. He juxtaposes serious philosophers and illiterate popularisers, he identifies views held at one time with emendations of such views held at another time, he divorces quotations from their contexts and misconceives the whole story of philosophy as a futile debate as to whether the world is "real" or otherwise.

All his arguments are of the pattern: All philosophy is either Idealism or Materialism (Engels); positivism is on its own not a form of Materialism; therefore it must be a form of Idealism—and Idealism is false and perverted. But once realise—and Mr. Cornforth apparently does—that to the positivist Idealism and Materialism are equally meaningless, then surely a prerequisite of such a charge is to examine the principle by which the positivist arrives at this conclusion: *i.e.* the verification principle. But there Mr. Cornforth is content to reiterate the charge of Idealism.

The second element in the book is an exposition and defence of Dialectical Materialism. The exposition is lucid but what is of most interest here—because it is new—is Mr. Cornforth's conception of the nature of philosophy. Positivists, very roughly, say or used to say that all meaningful statements are either "scientific" statements which are about the world or philosophical statements which are about "scientific" statements. But in Mr. Cornforth's eyes this reduces philosophy to "a system of verbal trickery": it is "a programme for the impoverishment of thought." In opposition to it Mr. Cornforth sets up his definition of philosophy as "a generalisation of the sciences." But this is odd. For it suggests that science itself is not interested in generalising its conclusions: which is false, for one of the most urgent concerns of science is precisely this. Perennially does it endeavour to subsume its findings under laws of wider and wider generality, the history of the Theory of Relativity being but the most striking example of such a process. And again the definition suggests that philosophers in their libraries are adequate understudies for scientists in their laboratories: which must also be false.

But it is perhaps the third theme or element in the book which most merits careful scrutiny, being the one most likely to seem plausible to those not otherwise in agreement with dialectical materialism. This is the "sociological" criticism of positivism designed to serve as an appendix to the strictly philosophical criticism. And this issues in a description of positivism as "a philosophy of capitalism propagating the ideas of the imperialist bourgeoisie under the guise of non-partisanship."

When Marx declared that all ideas were determined by the economic structure of the society in which they arose—or, "in the last analysis" were so determined—he was really proposing a new method of interpreting and explaining the intellectual achievements of the past. As with most proposals of genius, the success which has

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attended its execution has tended to obscure its original import. For it is now widely accepted that to explain the origin of a belief is in some way or another to explain that belief away: that setting it firmly in the context of its day is tantamount to denying its universal validity. For if beliefs are so much the products of time and place, is it not foolish to ascribe to them eternal truth? Are not all ideas, it is felt, but truths for a day, their truth fading as the age decays?

This fallacy—for a fallacy it is—is at least as old as the proposal of which it is a misconception. It is to be found in Engels' *Anti-Dühring*. And now it is to be found again in Mr. Cornforth's *Defence*. Bourgeois philosophy is false just because it is bourgeois, is the implication: and proletarian philosophy is true just because it is proletarian, we are unambiguously told. "It is precisely because it is the militant philosophy of the proletarian class struggle that dialectical materialism opens up the new path of scientific development of philosophy."

And this view is a fallacy because questions about the genesis of ideas and questions about their truth or falsity are clearly different sorts of questions, and consequently from no answer to one sort of question can we conclude what is the correct answer to the other sort of question. But Mr. Cornforth and those who go along with him wish to deny this. RICHARD WOLLHEIM

## STEVENSON'S POETRY

**Collected Poems.** By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by JANET ADAM SMITH. *Hart-Davis*. 18*s*.

Stevenson wrote few poems upon which some specific literary influence is not apparent. Now old Villon is in his head, now young Henley; and in the early verses at least, the diverse voices break oddly in upon one another as we read.

Sad life, whose highest lore, in vain
The nobler summits to attain—

Here, in the *Epistle to Charles Baxter*, Matthew Arnold sighs fleetingly in the middle of much Doric jingle. A few pages later, in *The Cruel Mistress*, he is present again, but this time in a sort of counterpoint with Whitman. Soon, in *Song at Dawn*, Whitman asserts himself in isolation—to be followed immediately by a rondeau harking back to Charles d'Orléans. A little later, in *The Canoe Speaks*, we come to Marvell:

I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers, navigate . . .
By meadows where at afternoon
The growing maidens troop in June
To loose their girdles on the grass.
Ah! speedier than before the glass
The backward toilet goes; and swift
As swallows quiver, robe and shift
And the rough country stockings lie
Around each young divinity.

And we shall scarcely have ceased admiring the authenticity of *the backward toilet* when we find ourselves returned to Arnold, now in *To My Father* speaking out unmistakably from beginning to end of a poem:

Peace and her huge invasion to these shores
Puts daily home . . .
This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

As a poet, Stevenson himself perhaps tends to be lost because of the diversity of his pilots. But he is not complaining. To arrive is not important to him. He is a hopeful traveller convinced only that what he somewhere calls "the cheerless fields of Obermann" make a poor camping-ground. For so imitative a writer he is curiously independent and forward-looking in face of the *fin de siècle*. When we read, in Professor Sherard Vines' recent *A Hundred Years of English Literature*, the summary statement that Stevenson "promoted the mood of open air in his poetry as in his prose" we must recall that he was not a Georgian but a Victorian, and that the attitude of the minor poets of his time—the tragic generation—was substantially agoraphobic. Devoted student of tradition though he was, his poetry is in fact much less "literary" in feel than that of, say, Dowson and Johnson—or for that matter of the incomparably greater Yeats. Moreover his familiarity with the past of English poetry seems to have set him on the direct line to its future; in diction his own verse is often simple and colloquial; and there are places in which he appears to belong already to the break-away led by Hardy:

A little before me, and hark!
The dogs in the village bark.
And see, in the blank of the dark,
The eye of a window shine!

This, indeed, might be the opening of a poem by Hardy himself.

But Hardy is a revealing touchstone. We have only to think of him to realise that Stevenson makes no real scrutiny of life; has not a philosophy but only attitudes and gestures. These, it is true, answer to something fine in the man, to a courage that makes genuine and attractive his rhetoric of affirmation and action:

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face . . .

Yet he will be generally felt to-day to share with Browning ("God must be glad one loves his world so much") the heritage of the facile theodicies of the eighteenth century. It is Shaftesbury's "best-natured Being in the World" who becomes in Stevenson "Our cheerful General on high" in the condemnatory poem written upon a Trappist monastery:

What if his vivifying eye,
O monks, should pass your corner by?
For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear . . .

It is well enough in its way; it is far better done than if by, say, Charles Kingsley; yet it is not considerable as poetry. An imaginative response to Our Lady of the Snows lay outside Stevenson's range; and so, in general, did the considerations to which most major poetry directs itself. If we are to appreciate his verse, then, we must discard irrelevant expectations. Romantic though he is, he is essentially Horatian. His best poetry, as Miss Adam Smith points out, is occasional and the product of personal relationships. His appeal is either to the immature or to persons with that sort of classical training (Stevenson was almost innocent of it himself) which conduces to great refinement of taste in a sharply demarcated field of poetic craft. The best essay on his poetry is by Mr. Garrod. The sincerest flattery ever paid him was by A. E. Housman.

The present edition of the poems is wholly admirable in both substance and form, and reflects a thoroughly sensible approach to the editorial problems involved. To determine what, for practical purposes, should be regarded as the "Collected Poems" of a writer of Stevenson's calibre, is not altogether easy. Dr. Johnson when consulted about the pieces to be included in a collection of the writings of John Hawkesworth, said: "I am for letting none stand that are only relatively good, as they were written in youth. The buyer has no better bargain when he pays for mean performances by being told that the author wrote them when young." Miss Adam Smith has adopted what is, in effect, a judicious modification of this principle. From the body of posthumously published poems she has selected rigorously, but with due regard not to inherent excellence solely but also to the necessity of exhibiting the poet's development and his range both of forms and subjects. In her search for manuscript sources, and in her collating with the printed texts the large body of manuscript material sold by Messrs. Sotheby in 1949, she has performed a service to scholarship; while in the substantial Commentary modestly headed "Notes" she has brought her wide knowledge of Stevenson amply yet economically to bear on the illumination of the text. Owners and editors of Stevenson's manuscripts have not always treated them with respect, and in her Introduction Miss Adam Smith applies a just severity to some of their proceedings. There is matter here that will amuse all who read. Unfortunately it will surprise only those unacquainted with the mischief that can be wrought when the collecting of literary "rarities" becomes the vogue in an acquisitive society.

J. I. M. STEWART

## THE ROAD TO COSMOPOLIS

**The United States: The Presidents, the Parties and the Constitution.** By HERBERT AGAR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 25*s*.

On the last election day, I stood on the steps of Independence Hall and watched the citizens of Philadelphia, dwarfed by the city's skyline, going to the polls. From the graceful colonial building to the financial skyscrapers that tower above it runs the road which the United States has travelled in a hundred and fifty years, the road, in Mr. Agar's phrase, "from primitive agriculture to Cosmopolis." In this long and eminently readable book, Mr. Agar has set out to describe that journey.

While the libraries are full of heavy tomes on American history, many of them distinguished more by laboured scholarship than by insight, most of us have been content to use as a general text the excellent work of Professors Morison and Commager. Mr. Agar's book, however, is different. First, he is an amateur historian who, as a distinguished journalist, has lived close to the men who have been making our own history, and, therefore, he is more sensitive both to the realities of politics and to the human motives that breathe life into a constitutional system. Secondly, he is genuinely fascinated and stirred by the history of his own nation. And, lastly, he has built his book—into whose making he has clearly put years of study and thought—around a clear theme, and has avoided loading that theme with too much learned but irrelevant detail.

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The theme is important to the English reader, for it is the classical American reply to the foreign observers who, since Lord Bryce, have noted that "time and the progress of events" have stripped American parties of "any principles, any distinctive tenets" and left them nothing "but office or the hope of it." Put simply, Mr. Agar's argument is that "principles" would destroy the American system; that the only party of principle in the nineteenth century was the Republican Party of 1860, on whose unity the nation split; and that federal government of the United States can continue only because the ambiguity of the main parties serves to bridge the gap between national and regional or class interests. Again and again, Mr. Agar drives home his point:

> . . . by diplomacy and compromise, never by force, the government must water down the selfish demands of regions, races, classes, business associations, into a national policy which will alienate no major group and which will contain at least a plum for everybody. This is the price of unity in a continent-wide federation. . . . The problems of federalism cannot be solved; but subtle, human, compromising, undogmatic and boldly illogical parties can sometimes allay them. . . . The price of power in the United States is eternal compromise, for any attempt to force a radical programme will mean that the coalition of regional groups will break.

This is the doctrine of Calhoun, the statesman of the South who sought to defend the interests of his section by insisting that Union could survive only if it recognised the rule of the "concurrent majority," and by seeking to make that rule formal by constitutional amendment. He would have given each interest or section a veto over any positive action of which it disapproved, ensuring that America should never bow to the simple unchecked power of a numerical majority. In the end, in fact, though Calhoun was defeated, and though the South lost the war it fought to assert its right of veto, his theory became the unwritten rule of U.S. politics, put into effect by the national parties, whose nature prevents "coalitions of enthusiasts from brushing aside minority protests." As Mr. Agar puts it:

> The dilatory rule of the concurrent majority is a fair description of how, in normal times, the American party system operates.

Luckily the rule is unwritten, because in emergencies it can be overridden: when the national government must act quickly, or when it must deal with a conflict of principle, it must break the rule.

This is the crux of the American theory of government. It can be found at all the critical moments in the history of the United States, as Mr. Agar rightly makes clear. And, at such moments, the temptation is for the party in power to assert the supremacy of the federal authority and for its opponents to fall back upon appeals to natural law and to States Rights. That is why the traditional cleavage between the Jeffersonian view, with its emphasis upon limited central authority, and the Hamiltonian view, which sought a strong Executive, is not a clear and consistent cleavage between rival social or regional groups. Jefferson, himself, the spokesman of popular sovereignty and of sectional interest, turned about in the White House and, by the Louisiana Purchase, greatly extended the Presidential prerogative, while his political descendants in the Jacksonian Democracy worked a political revolution in the powers of the Executive.

In Mr. Agar's book, this theme is illustrated by the growth of the Presidency, the Parties and the Constitution itself. The reader thus gets, besides his history, a long commentary upon the American political system. It is this that makes Mr. Agar's book both stimulating and instructive. But I have the feeling that the latter part of the book is too hurried, as if he had spent too much space upon charting the direction of his argument and became impatient in following it through to our own times. Apart from some brief comments, more in the form of a postscript, his narrative stops with Theodore Roosevelt. I feel, moreover, that Mr. Agar has not adequately met the challenge of critics who concede that Calhoun's theory may explain much in the past, but who feel that the United States is steadily moving towards a social uniformity that may make parties of principle more likely in years to come. Nor do I like his dogmatic interpretation of Reconstruction. He may be right in attributing most of the present difficulties in the South to the unwise and vindictive policies of the radical Republicans. But there is a stronger case for Reconstruction than he admits. None the less, he has written a book which is helpful and enjoyable for those already familiar with U.S. history, and valuable for those who wish to make close acquaintance with it for the first time.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

## INDIAN ARCHÆOLOGY

**Prehistoric India.** By STUART PIGGOTT. *Pelican Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

**5,000 Years of Pakistan.** By R. E. M. WHEELER. *Christopher Johnson.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

Indian archæology has made remarkable progress during the last twenty-five years, and there is no country in which the archæologist has done more to jolt the historian out of his accustomed ways of thinking. In the nineteenth century, research into early Indian history was mainly in the hands of philologists, who regarded the Brahmanical or so-called Aryan tradition of literature as the key to all understanding. Aryanism, in fact, was felt to be the source of everything that the Victorian mind found progressive and ennobling in Indian culture, and it seems hardly to have occurred to these scholars to doubt the Aryan's own claims of racial and cultural superiority over the snub-nosed infidels who opposed their entry into India.

Archæology made its first challenge in the 1920's with the discovery of a hitherto undreamt-of pre-Aryan civilisation in the Indus Valley. First Harappa, then Mohenjo-daro, both cities which flourished at least as early as 2500 B.C. At first nothing was clear about the origin and early development of this civilisation, nor how it ended, except that some kind of catastrophe was indicated by the fact that skeletons were found in chaotic heaps on the higher ground. This gave the historians a breathing space: it was possible to suppose that the Aryans entered India at some later period and that they founded Indian culture afresh, after the Indus cities had been buried and forgotten. Excavation continued in the 1930's, and the world became increasingly familiar with the rather dreary brick-built architecture of Mohenjo-daro, its ubiquitous drains, undeciphered script and occasionally remarkable art treasures. But it is only in the last four years that any of the really vital clues have come to light.

Most significant of these was the discovery in 1946 of extensive fortifications at Harappa. This challenged the earlier conception of Harappa as the model pacifist civilisation of the ancient world. Whereas, previously, flooding had been the most favoured explanation of final catastrophe, everything now pointed to war. At the same time revisions in Mesopotamian chronology (with which Indus datings have always been equated) brought forward the date of destruction to about 1500 B.C., roughly coinciding with the supposed period of Aryan invasion. The conclusion follows that the Indus cities were in fact destroyed by the Aryans, and that their citadels were the fortifications described in the *Rigveda*. This theory, if finally proved, will demand a complete reassessment of the Ayran role in Indian history, for whereas previously it had been assumed that they represented a higher stage of culture than that of the indigenous peoples they conquered, the reverse is now implied.

Professor Piggott's book is an excellent summary of the evidence to date. Although his main subject is European pre-history, five years lenient war service in India enabled him to gain a real insight into the problems of Indian archæology

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**The Salvation Army**

which he discusses with lucidity and freshness. Moreover, the book includes important new material on the pre-Harappan peasant communities of Baluchistan which is largely the result of his own original research. The only serious weakness is in his occasional over-zealous pursuit of an idea beyond the legitimate bounds of scientific speculation. An example of this is his implication that the authoritarianism of the Mauryan regime of the third century B.C. can be explained, without reference to differences in social structure, as a feature inherited from the Harappan civilisation of more than 1,000 years earlier.

The central figure in recent archæological progress has been Professor R. E. M. Wheeler, the author of *5,000 Years of Pakistan*. It was largely due to his brilliant direction of the Archæological Department between 1944 and 1948 that so much was achieved with such small resources. Yet one cannot recommend this book quite as warmly as Professor Piggott's. The scope and title are explained by the author's recent appointment as archæological adviser to the Government of Pakistan. Clearly the aim was to write a book both authentic and popular, while at the same time appearing consistent with the cultural "line" of the Pakistan authorities. Authentic it certainly is; but the attempt to be popular costs Professor Wheeler a certain amount of self-conscious effort which is not always happy in its effect. Thus, instead of being given a simple objective account of the Indus cities and being allowed to make our own imaginative reconstructions, we are transposed into the third millennium B.C. and "taken on a journey" to see them. We even "witness" the Aryan attack. However, it would be wrong to carp too much, for the reader interested in Professor Wheeler's scientific judgments can still turn to the brilliant series of reports published in the official bulletin, entitled, ironically enough, *Ancient India*. From the point of view of the Pakistan authorities, the present book undoubtedly succeeds in its set purpose, which is to convince Pakistanis of the great richness of the material culture they inherit. But to those accustomed to the idea of Indian culture as a unity, the effect is inevitably piecemeal. One looks forward to the day when Pakistanis will become sufficiently self-assured in their national pride to make such treatment unnecessary.

JOHN IRWIN

## WHAT I BELIEVE

**I Believed.** By DOUGLAS HYDE. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Douglas Hyde—it is clear from the first pages of his book—has the religious temperament. Nonconformity, even Methodist preaching with a Socialist content, could not satisfy him. In his young days he tried Eastern mysticism and was attracted by Catholicism, but found fulfilment only when he joined the Communist Party. An able and zealous Party worker, he graduated from service in Wales to the *Daily Worker*, where he became News Editor. He persuaded himself that the violent change of policy from open revolution to popular front against Hitlerism, which he now calls a hoax, had been correct. He accepted the similar switches from anti-Fascism to revolutionary defeatism (1939) and back again to victory against Fascism (1941); reverting once more from all-out production to anti-war obstructiveness when Russia refused Marshall Aid in 1947. He persuaded himself during this period that deceiving, infiltrating, bearing false witness and servilely obeying orders from Moscow were all necessary for working-class victory. In the year after the war, however, he found the ethics of Communism increasingly difficult to bear. He finally left the Party on the ground that he disapproved of Soviet policy, which was destroying individual and national liberty in Eastern Europe and which was intended to lead to increasing misery among the British working class.

There is nothing new in all this, nor are his good-natured character sketches of Bill Rust, Harry Pollitt, Palme Dutt and others likely to lead any informed person to change his mind about the direction or leadership of the British Communist Party. Mr. Hyde, however, much too easily assumes that the Communist Party was successful in deceiving all those Social-Democrats who worked with the Communists in various phases of popular front activity. Thousands who willingly worked with the Communists during the Spanish war and afterwards in the Resistance movements against Hitler, were perfectly aware of the limitations of possible co-operation. The more clear-sighted knew that the Communists were essential in the fight against fascism in Germany and Spain and even in the war against the Nazis, and that they would be bound by no ties of loyalty and would probably become mere Soviet patriots when the battle was ended. Many simple people, however, will be shocked—especially in 1951—to read Mr. Hyde's striking quotations from Lenin instructing Communists to turn against their own ruling classes the rifles that capitalism puts into their hands. Others will be horrified to learn that in the British as well as in the Soviet Communist Party men and women may break down, confess and ask for pardon because in all good faith they have tried to make their Communist propaganda more effective by admitting faults in the practice of Communism in Russia.

Writing without a hint of malice Mr. Hyde again makes it clear that the British Communist Party has always been a rather ridiculous imitation of the Russian Party. If it had been openly revolutionary in its aims but loyal to the Labour Party, critical of the ill-informed dictatorship of Moscow and determined to fashion a Communist policy for Britain, it could have spoken with authority, and by now perhaps have dominated the British working-class movement. As it is, thoughtful men and women who have standards of scientific truth, of personal loyalty or of journalistic honesty, find the British Communist Party increasingly impossible. Mr. Douglas Hyde is only one of many who have had to make the break. The distinction of his case is that he does not indulge in the usual recriminations and has avoided in his book any of that self-advertising and self-righteousness which has characterised so many converts from Communism. One reason for this is that he has not suffered, as so many others have, from the profound and agonising vacuum of the religious man who has lost his faith and must for ever justify his infidelity. Mr. Hyde switched right over from the religion of the Kremlin to that of the Vatican. He has not yet realised that if, instead of being a humble follower, he had now reached a status in the Church of Rome similar to that which he had reached in the Church of Moscow, he would in all probability, since he is an honest man, have been just as revolted by the intolerance, duplicity, cruelty and opportunism of his new faith as he has become of the old. Those are always the characteristics of those who hold power and believe themselves infallible. But the Vatican has longer experience than the Kremlin and it is unlikely ever to make Mr. Hyde into a Cardinal.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## BOOAASTERS

**The Last Actor-Managers.** By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen*. 18*s*.

The case for the actor-manager and the case for the star are related but not the same. Introducing his ten little lives of Edwardian actor-managers Mr. Hesketh Pearson puts their case thus:

> It seems to me that the theatre has suffered by the disappearance of their class, that their merits outweighed their deficiencies, that even when their taste was bad it was more satisfactory than the later alternative of running a theatre with no taste at all, and that in art the daring of an individual is preferable to the discretion of a committee.

As we see the case turns less on acting than on management, "the daring of an individual." It turns on taste and power. Much of his time Mr. Pearson spends persuading us that his actor-managers did not abuse their power so much as we might have thought. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, for instance, did not imitate Henry Irving in surrounding himself with nonentities. We are given a thumb-nail sketch of Tree taking a call alone while the audience shouted for one of the supporting players; Tree restive on being rehearsed by Shaw. Yet he is summed up in Mr. Pearson's unkindly comment, "He seldom interfered with his cast unless they got between him and a box." And as for daring, did he not go halves in financing *Chu Chin Chow*? (Oscar Asche is another of Mr. Pearson's ten. He didn't "dare" to back the spectacle he devised during a rainy patch in Manchester when he couldn't play golf: he left the investment—and what a good one it turned out!—to his leading lady and to Tree.)

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General Managers: G. F. LEWIS, R. G. THORNTON, J. D. COWEN, E. BRIMELOW.

***Statement of Accounts, 31st December, 1950***

| LIABILITIES | £ |
|---|---|
| Current, Deposit and other Accounts | 1,287,849,866 |
| Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of customers | 64,587,211 |
| Paid-up Capital | 15,856,217 |
| Reserve Fund | 13,750,000 |
| **ASSETS** | |
| Cash in hand and with the Bank of England | 106,194,255 |
| Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection | 51,319,901 |
| Money at Call and Short Notice | 88,047,000 |
| Bills Discounted | 315,585,740 |
| Treasury Deposit Receipts | 97,500,000 |
| Investments | 310,898,829 |
| Advances to customers and other Accounts | 325,967,491 |
| Investments in Subsidiaries :— | |
| The British Linen Bank | 3,727,658 |
| Other Subsidiaries | 8,554,670 |
| Other Trade Investments | 1,588,670 |
| Bank Premises and adjoining Properties | 8,073,869 |
| Customers' Liability for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc. | 64,587,211 |

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Mr. Pearson does his best for them, but nine of his ten persistently let him down. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson proves that even Sir Henry Irving (actor-managers are nearly all knights) occasionally allowed an actor in his company. Forbes-Robertson begins triumphantly with Hamlet at 44, an actor-manager at last, but declines into *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. And he seems to have been the one true actor among them. Then there are two younger Irvings, Sir George Alexander whose big hit was *The Prisoner of Zenda*, Lewis Waller (in *Monsieur Beaucaire*), Sir Frank Benson ("Everyone felt Shakespeare was safe in the hands of one who could play cricket, tennis, football and hockey so well") and Sir John Martin-Harvey exhibited in a charming scene:

> At this point the villain, an expert swordsman, calls the hero, "a pitiful boaster"; upon which the hero, slap in the centre of the stage, the focus of all the limelight, stares about him with incredulous amazement, and with a shattered howl demands, "Gentlemen, do I *look* like a booaaster?"

"Shattered howl" is good.

They all played Shakespeare after their fashion, Wilde, Pinero, Shaw. Tree did *Pygmalion* in 1914: Alexander said he would have put on *Candida* if Marchbanks had been blind "to gain the sympathy of the audience." Sir John Martin-Harvey even appeared in Reinhardt's production of *Oedipus Rex*. But in the end Mr. Pearson answers his own case. Seldom can the atmosphere of commercialism have been so stifling as in the offices of his actor-managers. In the charity shows and prestige shows like *Oedipus* the atmosphere must have been worse still. *Chu Chin Chow* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* were what they understood, the rest was superstition. Mr. Pearson acted for several of these managers and knew them all. I think he gets the atmosphere right—and a good batch of contemporary photographs helps the book a lot—an atmosphere of earnest philistinism at its worst, commercial cynicism at its best, and always tastelessness on the grand scale.

Mr. Pearson is right. The claims of the system have nearly everything to do with management, nothing to do with acting. The case for the star system is different for just this reason. "Stars" are the result of our longing for a touch of personality. Shaw for instance said he felt this when he saw Henry Irving for the first time, in a small part, long before the actor was known:

> Something forced the spectator to single him out as a leading figure with an inevitability that I never saw again in any other actor till it rose from Irvings' grave in the person of a nameless cinema actor who afterwards became famous as Charlie Chaplin. Here I felt is something that leaves the old stage and its superstition and staleness completely behind, and inaugurates a new epoch in the theatre.

The case against the star system is that it takes this fine instinct in actor and spectator and kills it by exploitation. The case against the actor-manager system of Mr. Pearson's period is that it didn't even exploit the large-scale actor, it stifled him with comfits.

We are told this book is based on a successful series of talks in the Third Programme, and I daresay Mr. Pearson was counting on a sentimental revulsion in the actor-manager's favour. On the whole, I think, with these nine little lives he has pricked the bubble. There is a tenth life—of Harley Granville Barker. How it gets into the book I do not know. Mr. Pearson is obviously smitten with embarrassment and does not know what to say, for Granville Barker's career was devoted to destroying everything the others stood for. Mr. Pearson tells a Mrs. Patrick Campbell story which makes a silent comment on the theatre of these nine knights and gentlemen. She was acting at the time for Sir George Alexander in Robert Hichens's *Bella Donna*, and hearing she was "letting down" a scene he ran in front to see that "all through a very dramatic episode she was amusing herself by flicking chocolates against the backcloth, the tense conversation being punctuated by a series of 'plonks' as the chocolates hit what was supposed to be a star-spangled sky and dropped with a dull thud into what was supposed to be the River Nile."

MONTAGU SLATER

## INDIVIDUAL CASE-WORK

**Social Case-Work in Great Britain.** Edited by CHERRY MORRIS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If the title of this symposium conveys little to the general public, the fault is largely that of English social workers, for unlike their American colleagues, they have never cultivated the art of attractive presentation of their craft. Yet the term "case-work" has been in use ever since the Charity Organisation Society was founded in 1869 and England has been the acknowledged leader in the practical training of case-workers. In one of the best essays in the book, Una Cormack and Kay McDougall define case-work as "the natural response of one individual to another in some need which he cannot meet alone." The operative word here is "individual" for the many other departments of social service designed to supply the personal needs of groups do not rank as case-work. Yet case-work is in a sense indispensable even to the great State social services. If they are to function properly the knowledge of the individual citizen as a human being should be built into their very structure.

Just how skilled social help needs to be under complex modern conditions is well illustrated by these nine essays. Well-known authorities describe the methods, the aims, the triumphs and the difficulties of various branches of case-work, including probation, moral welfare work, the now hydra-headed department of Children's Care, psychiatric social work and general family case-work. Of rather unequal merit, these essays are at one in revealing a warm humanity and a respect for the personality of the clients which would have startled the social workers of the last century. The general reader, so accustomed to dangerously glib generalisations on social problems, will be surprised to learn that helping the undeserving, or even the deserving poor is not nearly as easy as it looks. What snags lie in the way of the successful placement of children in foster-homes, what miracles of adaptation are required for the re-settling of the discharged mental patient, how delicate is the handling demanded by the delinquent adolescent on probation! The most uncertain note is sounded in the essay on "medical social work" which is full of unanswered problems. Miss Snelling points out with much justification that the almoners have, so to speak, missed the bus through no fault of their own. Their initial efforts to link up hospital practice with what is now called "social medicine" were frustrated by the indifference of the medical staffs, who were (though she does not put it this way) until very recently snobbishly anxious not to be associated with anything resembling state or municipal health activities. The common view of lay committees that the almoner's function was to screw contributions from unwilling patients, did much damage to their prestige. Now that their important place in a hospital team is at last recognised, they are becoming involved in troublesome controversies with other social and public health workers over the scope of their duties.

The almoner's difficulties illustrate the point that, more important than any individual specialist's problem, is the need for a broad administrative policy defining the relationship of case-workers to each other. Miss Cherry Morris and Miss Younghusband, who sum up their colleagues' conclusions, are evidently acutely aware that all these benevolent ladies and gentlemen who are oiling the wheels of the Welfare State are in danger of getting in each other's way. It could not be otherwise when every emergency in life has now its appropriate trained worker, and when every worker is trained to take a "constructive" and indeed almost maternal interest in her client.

Company Meetings

# National Provincial Bank LTD.

## Problem of Providing Defence Expenditure

The 118th Annual General Meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 8th February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (The Hon. Sir Jasper Nicholas Ridley, K.C.V.O., O.B.E.):—

The profit for the year disclosed in the accounts is £1,454,811, which is slightly in excess of the profit of £1,413,126 made in 1949.

In practically every direction, there have been substantial increases in the cost of running the Bank. The additional expenses have not been absorbed by wider profit margins, but the Bank has been able to meet them out of the additional revenue accruing from increased advances and the larger turnover.

The amount brought forward from 1949 is £811,703, and adding this to the year's profit of £1,454,811 there is a balance of £2,266,514.

An interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent., less tax, was paid in July and accounted for £391,026. It is proposed to deal with the balance in the following manner: to pay a final dividend of 7½ per cent., less tax, costing £391,026; to make an appropriation to the published reserve fund of £500,000 (bringing the published reserve funds up to £11 millions) and to carry forward a balance of £984,462.

The past year has seen profound changes in national and international affairs. Internationally it has witnessed great progress towards common thinking in the affairs of Western civilisation—even a few halting steps towards action. The impulse has come from fear, as the dangers from the East have grown more and more threatening and the Korean war has fully lit up a most ugly landscape.

The inevitable demand for increased expenditure on defence, which, in the circumstances, falls upon our already hardly pressed economy, brings us afresh face to face with the most obstinate internal problem of today—inflation and more inflation, and the rise in the cost of living.

### Defence Expenditure.

We are now asked to provide some hundreds of millions for additional defence expenditure this year. Some men would say, indeed they do say, "Spend less on other things. Postpone to an easier and more spacious day the spending of harassed pounds on other objects, however desirable they may be: in fact, *economise* elsewhere." But as yet these voices are small and still. Other men—most men, it would appear—say, "The State cannot economise. We must consider merely what is the best form of tax to produce the additional funds required."

How indeed are these to be found from the wealth of a nation which is already more heavily taxed than any country in the world, where 43.6 per cent. of the national income is taken by taxation and compulsory insurance contributions. In 1938 the percentage taken was approximately 25: at least there was a margin at that time. Where is the margin today? It is not wholly unreasonable to ask how far will the definite inflation which is with us be cherished and encouraged by this further buying power which will be handed to Government, while in the material field shortages and controls must almost inevitably recur. Is it really true that a democratic welfare State just cannot economise, just has no alternative but a steady and even swift inflation?

It is only when the movement, in all the deceptive colours of increased pay packets, is far advanced that men wake up to the superficial character of this so-called prosperity which is enjoyed by many today.

In a time of assured peace there may be the shadow of a chance of achieving the Utopia which people dream of—high standards of living, few working hours, the State as a good, kind, democratic parent rather than an interfering autocrat. Men dreamed, or even believed, that those things were ready to hand in 1945. But where is the assured peace? Is there not rather a particularly savage cold, or even partly hot, war? Perhaps eventually we may learn from this bitter disappointment that you cannot pluck Utopia as the companion of military victory; that the destruction of war cannot be made good by fewer working hours; that not even the most brilliant thinkers can devise new economic laws which render obsolete the ancient rule that only by work and more work, can men live and make good the waste of past wars. If as a result of our tribulations we can firmly glimpse this elementary truth, that would indeed be a step forward.

# District Bank Limited

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank, Ltd., prior to the 121st annual general meeting to be held on February 9th at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

The Statement of Accounts shows that deposits, now standing at £239,000,000, exceed last year's record figure by £8,300,000. This increase, reflecting as it does the general trend of banking figures, is all too closely linked with the new phase of inflation.

Turning to the assets side of the Balance Sheet, you will see that the more liquid items, Cash, Money at call and short notice and Bills of Exchange, are higher in total and in proportion to our deposit liabilities than they were last year. Underlying this change is the increase in Treasury Bills which partly offsets the decline in the next item, Treasury Deposit Receipts.

During the year we have added £731,000 to our Investments which are mainly repayable at fixed dates and appear in the Balance Sheet at less than their market value.

There is an increase of over £10,000,000 in our Advances. A sharp upward movement occurred in the early part of the year when there was evidence that stocks were accumulating. Following the outbreak of the war in Korea, these dwindled and our Advances showed some reduction. The closing months of the year, however, have brought a change. Prospective shortages of commodities and components, rising prices and a general expansion of business have made additional demands on working capital, the full effect of which seems likely to be carried forward well into the present year.

The much larger figures for Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and other obligations are particularly pleasing, since they are principally due to the growing activities of customers engaged in overseas trade.

Last year our properties were professionally valued and it is satisfactory to know that they stand at a very conservative figure in our books. No further provision for depreciation has therefore been considered necessary.

As regards earnings, larger resources and increased Advances have helped to swell income, but against this have to be reckoned high taxation and rising working costs. After making the usual provisions, the Net Profit is £513,168 and, with the amount brought forward, we have a disposable balance of £826,424. Of this we propose to transfer £200,000 to our General Reserve and to allocate £50,000 to Reserve for Contingencies. After allowing for dividend payments at the same rate as formerly there remains a sum of £290,784 *s*. be carried to the next account.

The further relaxation in Exchange Control, permitting as it does a wider use of sterling for trade and travel, has enabled our Foreign Department to offer more facilities to customers. The growing volume of Foreign Bills for Collection and of Commercial Credits handled by the Department is complementary to the continued increase of both exports and imports. The returning confidence in sterling is also reflected in the higher balances held in overseas correspondents' accounts and in the greater number and value of forward sales to us of foreign currencies.

Our Trustee Department continues to grow, and recently it has been necessary to transfer the Trustee branch in Lancaster to larger and more suitable premises adjacent to our main banking office in that City.

The extension of the Bank's activities is constantly under review. At present our development scheme is considerably hampered by the difficulty of obtaining suitable premises and also by the restrictions on structural alterations, but we shall continue our policy of territorial expansion when opportunity offers. In the meantime the two new branches in Oxford Street, London, and in Tunbridge Wells, to which I referred last year, are now open.

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# BARCLAYS BANK

## Risk of Serious Inflation

The 56th ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank, Limited, will be held at the Head Office, London, on February 8.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman, Sir William Goodenough, Bt., LL.D., on the report and accounts for the year 1950:—

On 31st December our current deposit and other accounts totalled £1,287,849,866 compared with £1,266,243,422 at the close of 1949. The net profit for the year amounted to £1,971,834 compared with £1,866,279. It has been decided to allocate £750,000 to the reserve fund, which now stands at £13,750,000. In the consolidated balance sheet the total assets of the group amount to £1,903,828,550 compared with £1,814,286,599. During the year current, deposit and other accounts have risen by £59,744,176 to £1,759,139,936.

The improvement in our gold and dollar reserves was greatly helped by the limitation of dollar imports and by the rise in prices of sterling area products. But though the American demand for the raw materials of the sterling area has helped to augment our reserves, it has brought a substantial addition to our sterling liabilities. Furthermore, it has meant that the prices we pay for our imports have risen much faster than the prices we get for our exports. In November last it would have cost us £18 million more in exports to import the same amount of goods as we did in the previous January.

We ought now to keep our thoughts and actions bent more than ever upon competitive efficiency.

### Danger to Efficiency

A danger to efficiency (and to the stability of our economy) lies in the risk of really serious inflation which has been increased by the defence programme. Extra taxation may be inevitable but it should be used as a measure of last resort and the extra cost of the armaments programme met in the first instance by cutting and paring in other directions. Every effort must be made to retain some sort of reserve of taxable capacity. Strict economy in Government expenditure was never more imperative.

With so much turning on efficiency and economy, one cannot help wondering how far we are really getting proper value from the vast expenditure of public authority, both central and local. Here is a most serious responsibility for leakages which may greatly add to the burdens of our people. The public authority is a proper object of criticism because it cannot feel the pressure of competition which would produce a sense of urgency in its work and because the elements of time and price and the need for saving cannot have for it the same meaning they have in everyday business life.

The additional defence programme is bound to involve a diversion of resources to military purposes and it is scarcely to be hoped that the whole burden can be met out of the natural increase in production. But the possibility of help from this source is considerable, especially if the national temper comes to the right pitch and there is a sense of unity in peril, for this will favour not only greater individual effort but also the ready acceptance of the new methods and new ways of thought implied in a rapid increase in efficiency.

The reports of the industrial teams which have visited America have given food for thought. At least as important as American techniques is the eagerly progressive attitude of mind characteristic at all levels in the productive organisation of the United States, in contrast to habits of thought still common in our own. That this is now recognised here is of great importance, but before it can bring practical results there are difficulties to overcome. Besides natural inertia, there are deep-rooted misunderstandings, some almost traditional, e.g., the supposed cleavage of interest between the "two sides" of industry. Voices are still raised to keep open and even to sharpen and extend these unhappy differences either by misrepresentation or by the honest expression of views based on imperfect understanding of facts.

Our present task is to demonstrate beyond argument the advantages, both to the individual and the community, of a more progressive frame of mind towards production. This principle might be more readily accepted if it were shown to be compatible with a proper sense of economic security for the individual and were associated with full opportunity for everyone to satisfy his proper ambitions.

The remedy is far from easy to suggest. Classification of applicants will not help greatly, for, as these pages show, it is often mere accident which aspect of a complicated situation leads the client to seek help. A mother asking for convalescence for two small children may really need help for an older imbecile child; a difficult problem child may require the aid of half a dozen agencies before its troubles are finally disentangled. The favourite solution is that of abolishing the specialised social worker and providing a sort of terrestrial Guardian Angel or Universal Aunt who will be competent to advise anybody about anything. While a great deal might be done by broadening the social worker's basic training we doubt if this is the whole answer. The high standard of work revealed in these essays, and familiar to everyone who knows English social life, could not be obtained without intensive training. Some regard has also to be paid to the wishes and interests of the workers themselves; they hate to be given too wide a field.

A useful hint in the prevention of overlapping may be found in the admirable essay on Probation by Mr. W. G. Minn. His activities are definitely limited by Statute, and he seems to find that the need for curbing his territorial ambitions is no barrier to full and effective service to his clients. It is possible that a self-denying recognition of boundaries with freer co-operation between workers will prove to be the best solution of these problems of overlapping and economy of effort. Some such solution must be found, for good case-work is very costly and requires personal qualities only found in limited quantities in any nation.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

**The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc.** By CHARLES PÉGUY. Translated by JULIAN GREEN. *Hollis & Carter*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

To a Christian humanist like Péguy, the theme of Jeanne d'Arc, symbolic of militant faith and a patriotism of the soil, was of absorbing attention. The present work is among the best fruit of his spiritual studies; a long dramatic poem first published in 1910, four years before his death in action. It is a static dialogue between three characters: Jeannette, a child of nearly fourteen, Hauviette, her younger but more sagacious friend, and a Lorraine nun, Madame Gervaise, and the whole poem, consisting of long analytic passages, sometimes digressive and tedious, sometimes patiently unfolding a dogma, is no more than an account of the first stirrings in Jeannette of a sense of saintly vocation. It leaves ample scope for relevant parentheses, on the life of Christ, the earlier saints, ways of salvation, humility, or the sin of pride. Péguy's method of exposition is highly individual: he alternates prose and *vers libre* in an unorthodox, idiomatic French, and relies, too, on repetition and incantation to an extreme degree, obtaining the dangerously hypnotic effects of litany. On this and other scores, Péguy's literary reputation is still a matter for dispute. Even so, he does convey the *frisson sacré* of religious experience; if he has the faults of a mystic, he has also the unique virtues of one. Mr. Green's literal version is slightly uncomfortable in its faithfulness, and he naturally loses some of the poetic beauty of the original. But to translate the *Mystery* at all is a commendable undertaking.

**The Break-up of Czech Democracy.** By OTTO FRIEDMAN. *Gollancz*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Friedman set out to write a book against the Czech Communists; it has turned into a book against the Czech democrats. The essential factor about Czechoslovakia is not that the Communists captured it, but that they captured it without a struggle. Mr. Friedman realises this, and he points to the mistakes of the Czech Liberals; their pretence of believing in Soviet goodwill when they actually knew it did not exist; their acquiescence in the suppression of opposition parties; their belief that Communist violence and dishonesty would, in some curious way, be suspended when it came to Czechoslovakia. In fact, towards the end of the book, Mr. Friedman practically reaches the point of arguing that only the Roman Church is capable of resisting Communism effectively. He then realises that this is not good doctrine for a liberal British public and draws back, advocating in his final chapter the old rigmarole of democratic leadership, constructive liberalism and so on. If anyone of liberal mind ever has the courage to face the question whether the liberalism in which we all more or less believe is too futile a weapon to use against Communism, Czechoslovakia will be essential to the argument; but Mr. Friedman has run away from the question. What the Czech affair certainly proves is that the liberalism of pretence and the fine phrase, the liberalism represented by Benes and the League of Nations (or for that matter the United Nations) is now too confused to be an adequate weapon against Communists or anyone else. But must the liberal mind always be as self-deluded as Benes was? The question is not likely to be asked, let alone answered, in a book which has a preface by Dr. Gilbert Murray. All the same the evidence is here, in the shape of the decisive conversation between Benes and Gottwald, which seems authentic; and of a rather more dubious explanation by Benes of his actions in tolerating the Communist *putsch*. Tolerance is too light a word; without his compliance it could scarcely have succeeded.

**White Man Boss.** By ADAMASTER. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Those who want a brief and highly "popular" guide to South African racialism will find it here. The author, a South African liberal who is obliged to conceal his identity in order to escape unwelcome attentions by the Nationalist authorities, shows convincingly—if at times with an irritating tendency to over-simplification—that the racialist Nationalism we associate with Malan is no mere contemporary phenomenon, but takes its rise from influences that are deeply embedded in Boer history. If the wisecracks and vulgarity of this account can be excused—it is more than silly, for instance, to say that Afrikaans is "a non-European language" (do the North Americans speak a non-European language?)—*White Man Boss* can be recommended as a useful corrective to the British liberal view that racialism in the Union somehow arose after—and even as a result of—the decline of Smuts. The author has included much factual material on the methods and consequences of racial oppression; and he has also touched on the problems of the White Settler Territories to the north of the Union.

**The Sword of the Spirit.** By WALTER OAKESHOTT. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The nucleus of this "meditative and devotional" anthology by the Headmaster of Winchester was a series of passages read out at morning prayers, but it is intended "primarily for personal rather than public use." The material, in prose and verse, has been grouped in sections, in the manner of Bridges's *The Spirit of Man*; it is taken from sources as various as the Bible and Sir James Jeans, Plato and Stephen Spender. The poetry of Henry Vaughan and G. M. Hopkins is as well represented as that of George Herbert. This short anthology is remarkable for its range, good taste and the absence of any dogmatic bias; many of the pieces chosen are not easily accessible elsewhere.

**English Institute Essays, 1949.** Edited by ALAN S. DOWNER. *Columbia University Press: Cumberlege*. 18*s*.

Like the horse in a pantomime, and for equally sufficient reasons, this book—made up of papers given at the English Institute's 1949 conference—contains separate front and rear members. The front legs consist of three essays on Poetic Drama, the hindquarters of four essays on American writing as it reflects and is influenced by other aspects of American life. Each section goes its own lively gait. The first three papers examine what is meant by "Poetic Drama," and trace the steps by which today "we are left, for the most part, with unpalatable plays by genuine poets and skilfully made plays by men who are, at best, serious journalists." The latter four include a remarkably suggestive discussion by William Charvat on "Literary Economics and Literary History." He offers non-literary answers to such questions as why Boston did not become a really important literary centre until 1850, or why British writers in the early nineteenth century were more widely read in the American west than were their native contemporaries. The theme of optimism in American writing is considered in another valuable paper. In short, the articles take us from Aristotle to Cocteau, and from Cotton Mather to Scott Fitzgerald. Critics, in common with customs inspectors, should be nimble, observant, sure of their categories yet not obsessed by them and—perhaps above all—humane. The seven American critics in this volume have cleared their cargoes with wit, warmth and dexterity, so much so that those who consult one section may well find themselves reading the other with profit.

**Pascal's Pensées.** Translated, edited and introduced by H. F. STEWART. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

The late Dr. H. F. Stewart's arrangement of Pascal's *Pensées* is the result of a thorough acquaintance with the original manuscripts and of a complete re-interpretation of Pascal's aims. There can be no doubt at all that he has prepared a new and easier approach to these fragments; his arrangement is based on the fact—ignored by previous editors—that the *Pensées* were notes intended not only for one work, the Apology, but for a number of other miscellaneous writings which Pascal was planning in his later years. By carefully sifting and classifying the material, Dr. Stewart has removed countless difficulties and incongruities. To take one example: the remarks on style and method which constitute Section I of Brunschvicg's edition have puzzled many students in the past by their irrelevance to the Apology. Why, at least one of them used to wonder, should Pascal have begun his great projected work on religion with a distinction between *l'esprit de géométrie* and *l'esprit de finesse?* Dr. Stewart has resolved the dilemma by separating these remarks from the main body of the Apology and placing them in one section of the *Adversaria*. We now have the Apology proper, Part I of Dr. Stewart's edition, and the Adversaria, his Part II which consists of ten sections of miscellaneous writings grouped according to their subject matter. No one will ever know exactly what Pascal intended to do with all the notes we know as his *Pensées*; but Dr. Stewart's interpretation is both scholarly and convincing. The French text follows Pascal's conservative and sometimes peculiar spelling; Dr. Stewart's translation which faces it, is excellent, neither too literal, nor too free. Readers of every kind—from the learned specialist to the layman and the student—will welcome this edition of the *Pensées*.

**Berlioz in London.** By A. W. GANZ. Preface by Sir Thomas Beecham. *Quality Press*. 15*s*.

Mr. Ganz has collected a great deal of interesting material about Berlioz's visits to London. From the composer's letters to friends in France and articles written for the French press we get an excellent account of English musical life in the eighteen-forties and fifties; this account includes humorous digressions on such subjects as street musicians and a Chinese concert-party. Berlioz himself conducted several concerts of his own music in London; the programmes are reproduced in full, as well as extracts from contemporary criticisms. Considering its difficulties, Berlioz's music was remarkably well received in England; more than once he expressed his high opinion of the English public, whose aptitude and enthusiasm for music, however, was too often abused by the impresarios. Apart from conducting opera at Drury Lane and symphony concerts at Exeter Hall, Berlioz was appointed a member of the Jury for the Great Exhibition of 1851; Mr. Ganz has included his fine description of a visit to the deserted buildings in the early morning. Unfortunately, *Berlioz in London* is marred by clumsy presentation; the numerous quotations, though adequately translated, have not been absorbed into a continuous narrative.

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 1,091

**Set by Arachne MacLeod**

A new Czech food regulation decrees that the restaurant customer should discuss the menu with the waiter so that he "may avoid ordering dishes he does not know and might therefore leave half uneaten." Competitors are invited, for the usual pri es, to submit such a conversation (limit, 200 words) between a British customer and the waiter in an exclusive West End restaurant, a popular restaurant, a railway dining-car and a British Restaurant. Entries by January 30th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,088

**Set by Maurice Cassel**

The usual prizes are offered for a confidential report (limit 150 words) from the Headmaster (or Headmistress) of the school attended by one of the following: Alice, Peter Pan, Eric, Christopher Robin, Tom Sawyer, Oliver Twist, Casabianca, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Kim, Red Riding Hood.

**Report by Maurice Cassel**

Shoals of anxious heads (not all amateur) invoked psychiatry or expulsion with disturbing frequency. For poor *Red Riding Hood* there were only these two paths. Veracity, morals, politics, school uniform—all unsat. *C. Robin:* disturbing: lack of concentration impiety, over-piety, and appetite all need attention. *T. Sawyer:* fairly normal, no psy.: little exp.: "Health good; position bottom" (Pauline Willis). "Examinations disappointing"—a 13-yr. old headmistress noted in a nice entry. *Fauntleroy:* needs to acquire some rough edges. *Kim*, of course, had no schooling. Commended: Granville Garley, Royston Nillmore, June Thorp, L. G. Udall, R. H. Roberts, Thomas Chitty. A guinea each to the five printed below.

CASABIANCA MINOR

I confess myself a little uneasy about the boy's general character. He is obedient beyond a schoolmaster's wildest dreams, at the expense of almost all personal initiative. What he is told to do, he does, painstakingly, but without intelligence. Anyone giving him an order has to be very careful to define its exact limits, since he takes all instructions, however apparently fantastic, *au pied de la lettre*. For example, the other day, I stopped to speak to him in the school grounds, then under snow. I was interrupted, and told the boy to wait for me: I should not be a moment. The interruption, however, turned out to be lengthy and worrying, and I forgot all about young Casabianca, who was found some eight hours later, almost frozen to the spot. I had told him to wait: he waited! He may make a good private soldier: I can suggest nothing better. ALLAN M. LAING

LORD FAUNTLEROY

Cedric has had a good term. As his form reports show, he is weakest in spelling and strongest in American history. His essay on "Marshall Aid for the Aristocracy?" deservedly gained a prize.

Outside the classroom, he has some adjustments to make. He does not take kindly to our serge uniform, complaining of a chafed neck; he has also been treated for chapped knees, but Matron has rightly forbidden any resumption of long stockings.

He might restrain his curiosity—however altruistic—about the domestic circumstances of the servants and temper his present munificence towards them. He is generous with his weekly food parcels from Hobb's Stores.

Could his mother visit him only once weekly and avoid games days? His habit of leaving loose scrimmages to shout "Dearest!" tends to unsettle the XV.

Cedric's moral character has been a source of great consolation to the Chaplain, who suggests early confirmation. E. F. NORTHCOTT

ALICE

Your Alice is a delightful child; conscientious, polite, practical, and remarkably self-possessed and fearless for her age. But I do feel a little anxious about her devastating matter-of-factness and lack of humour. How would it be if, during the holidays, you discouraged the chess-playing and needle-work, and tried the effect of such books as Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* or *Through the Looking-Glass*? They might awaken in her the touch of fantasy and imagination which is lacking . . .

P.S.—She needs more stockings (ringed or plain white). L. E. J.

OLIVER TWIST

As a prodigy, O. Twist amazes me; but as a boy he inspires me with rather cooler feelings. His case-history is astonishing. Born in a workhouse, employed from a tender age in various low occupations, and having consorted with criminals, he has achieved the vocabulary of a novelist and the sensibility of an unduly well-nurtured girl. He is in these respects a phenomenon. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that, had he acquired from his knockabout life even a slight vein of coarseness, he would be a more tolerable boy. He is so high-minded that even my staff (naturally, with the wind taken out of their sails) make vulgar comments: and from his months in a thieves' kitchen he appears to have derived not a trace of forcible language. Such immaculate immunity from ordinary healthy contamination fills me with alarm for the boy's future, and I am seriously inclined to ask for a medical report.

EDWARD BLISHEN

RED RIDING HOOD

Rhoda (as she asks us to call her) is a quiet, good-mannered little girl. I.Q. is normal and her work is quite satisfactory, particularly in nature-study. Although kind-natured, she lacks that sociability and team-spirit we try to foster here, often taking solitary rambles, in defiance of our rule against unaccompanied excursions. She has a keen sense of imagination—in fact, a little too keen and bordering possibly on fantasy. Rhoda seems to have an obsession: wolves. This motif occurs constantly in her work, even obliquely, as, for instance, when she said her favourite flowers were *lupins*. Psychiatric treatment would, we think, be an advantage. We would also suggest that, out of term-time, her parents would be well advised not to send her alone on errands. Finally, if Rhoda were provided with school uniform, she would feel a greater sense of community with the other girls.

C. J. PREBBLE

## CHESS: Winning a Win

### No. 68

Some time ago ("Never Say Die" NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 20, 1950), we remembered that, even in a seemingly lost position, one should never despair, and "Dawdling over the Kill" (*N.S. & N.*, May, 6, 1950) may have been a reminder to those of us who know from bitter experience that even "a win" still has to be won before it can be chalked up on the score-board. It is easy enough to fall down even on the sort of position that an adjudicator might call a demonstrable win; but the real test comes when a positional advantage, though unmistakably clear, still wants a good deal of translating from the transcendental sphere into hard material fact.

Here is a case in point, a position reached by Nimzovitch (Black) against Emanuel Lasker at Zürich, 1934. No doubt, the "distant pawn" gave Black a certain advantage; but to materialise that against the greatest endgame-virtuoso of the time—perhaps of all times—was certainly a most notable achievement. Here is what happened.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | K-B1 | K-B3 | (15) K-Q4 | K-Q3 |
| (2) | K-Q2 | K-K4 | (16) Kt-R3 | P-QR5 |
| (3) | K-K3 | P-KR4 | (17) Kt-B4 | P-KR5 |
| (4) | P-R3 | P-QR4 | (18) Kt-R3 | P-Kt3! |
| (5) | Kt-R3 | Kt-B7 ch | (19) Kt-B4 | P-Kt4 |
| (6) | K-Q3 | Kt-K8 ch | (20) Kt-R3 | Kt-B3 ch |
| (7) | K-K2 | Kt-Kt7 | (21) K-K3 | K-B4 |
| (8) | K-B3 | | (22) K-Q3 | P-Kt5 |

K-Q3, permitting the exchange of knights, would lose quickly.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Kt-R5 ch | (23) P x P | |

Forced, since (23) Kt-B4, Kt-K4 ch, followed by Kt-B5 would win a P for Black.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (9) | K-K3 | Kt-Kt3 | | K x P |
| (10) | Kt-Kt5 | K-B3 | (24) K-B2 | Kt-Q5 ch |
| (11) | Kt-R7 ch | K-Kt2 | (25) K-Kt1 | Kt-K3 |
| (12) | Kt-Kt5 | K-B3 | (26) K-R2 | K-B5 |
| (13) | Kt-R7 ch | K-K2! | (27) K-R3 | K-Q5 |
| (14) | Kt-Kt5 | | (28) K x P | K x P |

(14) K-Q4, Kt-B1 (15) Kt-Kt5, Kt-K3 ch, would easily win for Black. Kt-K4

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (29) P-Kt4 | K-B6 | |
| (30) P-Kt5 | K-Kt7 | |
| (31) resigns | | |

It is most noteworthy how Nimzovitch manœuvred his astute opponent into a virtual Zugzwang position. Readers are invited to submit their most interesting *personal* experience of a positional advantage materialised by (or against) them.

**A:** Kling & Horwitz, 1851

For this week's competition we might as well stick to the subject of P and Kt endings. A and B are famous old studies, the former easy enough to be over-rated with 4 points, whilst the other one may well be under-rated with 6. White to win in both of them. In C, too, White is to win. This, incidentally, is not a study but a position actually played in a match game. A complete analysis of the

**B:** T. Kling 1867

**C:** v. Scheve-Estorch

winning line (and the pitfalls to be avoided) would seem to be hardly over-rated with 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by January 29.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 30

A: (1) R-Kt3, P x R. (2) B x P, Q x P. (3) B-Q3 ch, K-Kt2. (4) B-K4, Q x B. (5) Kt-Q6 ch, P x Kt.
If (1) . . . Q x B. (2) R-Kt7, Q-Kt8 ch. (3) K-R2, Q x P. (4) R-Kt8, Q-R2. (5) Kt x Q, K x Kt. (6) R-Q8, etc.
If: (1) Kt-Q5, R-QB5. (2) P-Kt7, K-B2. (3) P queens, K x Q. (4) P-Kt3, etc.
If (1) . . . R-B4. (2) P-Kt7, etc.
If (1) . . . R-QR5. (2) B-B5, P-B7. (3) Kt-B6 ch, followed by B x P.

Though quite a few competitors were stumped by one or the other of these intricate studies (particularly A), there were still too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, Fritiof Selander, G. W. Smith.

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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa.—Applications are invited for the Chair of Psychology. The salary scale is £1,000—50—£1,300 per annum, plus a temporary cost-of-living allowance, which at present is £208 per annum for a married man and £83 per annum for a single person. Examples of Income Tax payable on both with an income of £1,200, about £80 (with a rebate for children under 18 years of age). Single person with an income of £1,950, about £100. Cost-of-living allowance is included in salary for purpose of income tax. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications, and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than February 24, 1951. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, C.T., South Africa, by the same date.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, South Africa.—Applications are invited for appointment to a Senior Lectureship in the Department of English. The salary will be on the scale £800 per annum, rising by annual increments of £40 to £1,000 per annum. In addition the University pays a cost-of-living allowance which at present amounts to £124 16s. per annum for married men or persons with dependants, and £83 4s. per annum in the case of others. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 28, 1951.

BRITISH Transport Commission.—Applications are invited for the post of Curator in charge of the Historical Relics Section of the British Transport Commission which is about to be established in London. The holder of the post would be responsible for organising, on a national scale, the custody and display of old prints, models, typographical specimens, and all other relics illustrating the history of public transport by road, rail and inland waterways, of which many are at present in the possession of the Commission in various places. Either a University degree or the Diploma of the Museum Association, with practical museum experience, would be an advantage. Candidates should also be able to give some evidence of a genuine interest in the industrial history of Britain since the mid-eighteenth century. The commencing salary is £1,000 per annum. Applications, stating date of birth, qualifications, previous experience, present post and salary, together with any other relevant information, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the Principal Staff Officer, British Transport Commission, 55 Broadway, London, S.W.1, to arrive not later than February 5, 1951.

BBC. invites applications for the post of Music Assistant, North Region, based in Leeds. The work involves the discovery and stimulation of musical talent, and the production of music programmes of all kinds, with special reference to the music traditions of Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland and Lincolnshire. A practical knowledge of choral music is an essential qualification. Music Assistants, Leeds, are responsible to the Head of North Regional Music, Manchester, for the organisation of his work. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a scale of seven years to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Music, North N. Stns." within 7 days. Letter acknowledgement please enclose stamped add. env.

CIVIL Service Commission. An Open Competition will be held in 1951 for about 30 vacancies in the Executive Class and Corresponding Departmental Classes and the Information Officer Class of the Home Civil Service and in Branch B of the Foreign Service. Candidates must have obtained (or obtain in 1951) a university degree. Age limits 20½-24 on August 1, 1951, with extension, up to two years, for service in H.M. Forces. Regulations and particulars are obtainable on application (preferably by post-card) to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London W.1, quoting No. 3245. Latest date for receipt of completed applic. forms 4th Jan.

CIVIL Service Commission. The Civil Service Commissioners announce an Open Competition for about 15 vacancies in the Statistician Class of the Home Civil Service, to be held in 1951 concurrently with the competition under Method A for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service, and with a similar examination except for certain additional subjects. Age limits at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1951, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for service in H.M. Forces otherwise than on a regular engagement. Salary in London, £400 rising to £750 (men); or £650 (women). Salaries somewhat lower outside London. Prospects of promotion to higher grades. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3244; completed application forms must be received by him by January 31, 1951.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews will begin in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary scales for men in London Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

CIVIL Service Commission—Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service, Special Departmental Classes, Executive Class (Taxation), Statistician. The Commissioners hope to hold the written examination in July, 1951, in Edinburgh, Belfast, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, as well as in London. Particulars and Application Forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3465; completed Application Forms must reach him by January 31, 1951.

APPLICATIONS are invited from male graduates, not over forty, for the position of Director of Education. Duties will include the administration of a lecture service, vacation courses, a film library, and an education society. The Deputy Director will also be concerned with the editing of an educational journal and will be required to supervise the production of film-strips and other visual aids. Some knowledge of wool is desirable but not essential. Starting salary £750 per annum, with superannuation benefits. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and references, should be marked confidential and addressed to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within 14 days of the appearance of the advertisement.

GRAMMAR School—Headships.—Applications are invited for the headships of the following secondary grammar schools. Apply on form EO/TS10/Secondary; candidates who have completed one of these forms since January 1949 and have no information to add, apply on form EO/TS10B. Forms and further particulars from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.—send stamped addressed envelope and quote name of school. Salaries are subject to review on the Burnham scales. Closing date January 27. Henry Thornton School, 45 South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4—headmaster. Age range 11-19, including courses up to university entrance. Roll (March 1949) 432 boys, unit total 1,209, Burnham group 13; roll (March 1950) 400. The post will be vacant in September 1951 on the retirement of Mr. W. F. Byrant, O.B.E. Honor Oak School, Homestall Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.22—headmistress. Age range 11-19, including courses up to university entrance. Roll (March 1949) 443 girls, unit total 1,121, Burnham group 12; roll (March 1950) 462. The school occupies a modern building in spacious grounds adjoining Peckham Rye Park. The post will be vacant in September 1951, on the retirement of Miss A. M. Ashley, M.A.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited as soon as possible for the following post at Pelham Scale salary: Lecturer in Art, interested and experienced in work with children. Bath Academy of Art includes a Bath School of Art and also a training college for men and women art teachers in schools of general education. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

COLDEAST & Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Committee, Coldeast Hospital, Sarisbury Green, near Southampton.—Social Worker (female) required for all types of supervision in the social care of patients of the Certified Institutions of the Group. Salary £370 per annum rising to £530 per annum, together with an additional amount up to £75 per annum which may be made according to qualifications and experience and any special responsibilities carried by the post. Applications should be addressed at once to the Physician Superintendent, Coldeast, Sarisbury Green, near Southampton. W. Montagu Worlock, Secretary—Group No. 48, Tatchbury Mount, Totton, Southampton.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LONDON County Council. Applications invited for the post of full-time Senior Assistant at the Central School of Arts and Crafts to take charge of the Industrial Design Department Workshop. Applicant should be capable of conducting practical and theoretical classes in machine shop engineering, and production methods, and be able to assist students in the production of prototypes. A knowledge of engineering draughtsmanship, sheet metal work, plastics, foundry work, and costing and planning is required, and an understanding of contemporary industrial design is essential. Burnham Scale salary £700 × £25—£800, plus London allowance, plus additions (subject to review from April 1, 1951). Application forms (stamped, addressed envelope) from the Secretary at the School, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, to be returned by January 27, 1951. (1695.)

LONDON County Council. An organiser of youth service is required for work in a division of the Council's local education administration. Salary £425 × £25—£550. The person appointed will be required to assist with the provision of facilities for recreation, social and physical training of children and young people; to assist in the organisation of local events; to undertake the administrative work arising therefrom, including advising Borough Youth Committees and clerking their meetings; to carry out such other duties as may be arranged from time to time. Evening work is involved. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) obtainable from the Education Officer (EO. Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, should be returned not later than February 3, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (1701)

LONDON County Council invites applications from women for appointment as resident Assistant Domestic Bursar at Furzedown Training College, London, S.W.17. The Assistant Bursar will be responsible for the domestic administration, including catering, of a hostel for about 80 students and staff. Experience and training in institutional management desirable. Annual salary £210—£15—£255 plus free board, lodging and laundry. Application forms and further details from the Education Officer (EO. Estab. 6D/184), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (1689.)

THE Workers' Educational Association, West Midland District.—Applications are invited for the post of W.E.A. District Secretary, West Midland District. Applicants must have a wide knowledge of the W.E.A. and experience in organisation and administration. Preference will be given to someone who has contact with the working-class movement and who can maintain friendly relationships with Local Education Authorities and the University. Commencing salary, £550, rising by £25 per annum to £700. In circumstances where the candidate possesses special qualifications, a higher starting rate may be offered. Further particulars and application form obtainable from E. J. Studd, W.E.A., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

MEDICAL Treatment Organisers required by London County Council for London Education Service. Duties largely concerned with social work in connection with the School Health Service including recruiting and training of voluntary social workers. Social Science Diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 × £25—£500. Senior positions normally filled by promotion. Applications should be made on forms obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and should be returned by January 27, 1951.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following positions: Departmental Manager and Buyers, (1) Ladies Outerwear Department; (2) Gowns, Knitwear and Blouses Department; (3) Junior Miss Department. The buyers appointed will enjoy departmental manager status. Salary based on N.U.C.O. scale. Applicants must have experience in buying and departmental administration. Application Forms, containing details of full duties, are obtainable from Managing Secretary, Nottingham Co-operative Society, Ltd., Upper Parliament St., Nottingham. They must be completed and returned by Wednesday, January 31, 1951.

WORKERS' Educational Association (Western District). Organiser required to work in Somerset and West Dorset. Salary £400 × £20 to £500. For full particulars and application form (returnable by February 12), apply to District Secretary, W.E.A., 91 Redland Rd., Bristol, 6.

JEWISH Board of Guardians has a vacancy for a Welfare Officer (woman) with experience of dealing with people suffering from mental and nervous disorder. Salary according to qualifications. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply in writing, with full details, to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., E.1.

EXPD. shorthand-typist/secretary reqd. by Export Company, pref. used to export routine. S.E. London district. Box 649.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Secretary to Incoming Tours Organiser; interesting work requiring efficiency, initiative; shorthand-typing essential. Also vacancy for proficient shorthand-typist. Apply stating age, experience, qualifications, salary required, before January 27 to Travel Director, National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

WANTED for Ideal Home Book Exhibition at Olympia in March: (1) Asst. General Manager; exhibition experience and book-keeping knowledge an advantage; term of appointment—2 months. (2) Bookshop Manager; able to supervise staff and experienced in bookshop routine; term of appointment—6 weeks. (3) Bookshop Assistants and Book Guides—5 weeks. Apply in writing: Exhibition Secy., 19 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

INTERNATIONAL Student Service will shortly have vacancy for organising secretary to deal with case work among students in need, co-operate with educational trusts and foundations and assist in fund-raising activities. Details: ISS, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

WARDEN and Matron as Heads of an Independent Hostel-School run on special lines for maladjusted children of normal intelligence. Essentials: wide experience in similar positions, in co-education and in methods of self-government, and a real love of children. Box 677.

SHORTHAND-typists and copy-typists (English & bilingual) urgently required for interesting temporary work by hour, day, or week. Please mark envelope "Temporary Staff." Box 879.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist interested in Quaker international work needed at once. Apply in writing to General Secretary, Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

REQUIRED immediately, assistant lady cook for Co-ed. School. Numbers up to 230. Apply Housekeeper, Frensham Heights, Near Farnham, Surrey. Frensham 299.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONOURS Graduate, 36, wide teaching experience (German, Music, Classics), free for responsible post where initiative and enthusiasm are assets. Box 421.

EDUCATED intelligent girl 18½, interesting occupation as receptionist. Box 417.

LADY, L.R.A.M., L.G.S.M. (Speech and Drama), considerable teaching experience all branches dramatic art in schools, institutions, varied administrative experience in Services, requires teaching/admin. post, London area, South of England, April. Box 248.

EXPERIENCED shorthand typist (age 26), intelligent, good appearance, seeks interesting secretarial position. Box 681.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, age 26, requires interesting, remunerative post. Experienced medical, political. Travelled and worked abroad. Excellent references. Knowledge French. Box 684.

YOUNG man (24), literary, artistic interests, exp. (journalism, seeks employment, home/abroad. Box 685.

EXPERIENCED bookkeeper-secretary will undertake evening work. Gartner, Speedwell 3357.

MUSICIAN, L.R.A.M., trained, experienced teacher, seeks post, residential or otherwise, piano all ages, class music and movement under 9, typing, good English. Daughter, 4, must be welcome. Box 767.

HISTORY graduate (woman), Fr. & Latin, some exp. local research, reqs. work with books, etc. Temp./perm. Refs. Box 845.

MALE, single, 28, seeks job London area. Non-residential. Red Cross experience of administration and organisation. Also Welfare and Social Services. 89 Kendal Drive, Slough.

## SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5-18.

KENSINGTON Froebel School. Boys and girls 2-9. Open throughout the year. Country branch near Dorking. Daily car service. W. London areas. Enquiries: Principal, Mrs. E. D. Collins (American), 47, Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10. Tel. FLA 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. breed. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karla Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Jolly, B.Sc.

PENDRAGON Hall, co-educational school where every opportunity is given to children to grow to an integrated and happy maturity. Emphasis on the arts and individual methods. One or two vacancies for full or weekly boarders. Apply, The Headmaster, Pendragon Hall, Bath Road, Reading.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.: boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

## FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS, etc.

THE University of Manchester: Simon Research Fellowships. The University is offering, to candidates of about ten years' standing from the date of their first degree, one or more Simon Research Fellowships for advanced study or research in the Social Sciences, this being construed in a wide sense. The Fellowship, which is of a normal value of £1,150 per annum, is tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be made not later than March, 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of London. Western Ontario Fellowship. The University invites applications from Graduates of the University for a Fellowship (in the Faculty of Arts, Economics, Medicine or Science) offered by the University of Western Ontario. The Fellowship, of the approximate value of $2,000 a year, is for one year in that University for one year with the possibility of renewal for a second year. The holder of the Fellowship will be expected to undertake a small amount of demonstrating. Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom a form of application and further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 1, 1951.

HUDSON'S Bay Scholarships. Applications are invited for two Scholarships to be awarded by the Trustees of the Hudson's Bay Company Scholarship Fund for study in Canada in 1951. The Scholarships are awarded to encourage the study of business administration, to contribute to the higher education of business executives and to strengthen the links between the business communities in Canada and the United Kingdom. The value of the Scholarships will be $1,800 (Can.) per annum plus return transportation expenses between the United Kingdom and Canada, and the normal tenure will be one year, but in exceptional cases this may be extended to two years. The Scholarships are open to University Graduates, and candidates must be British-born subjects ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom who at the date of applying are over 23 years of age and have not passed their 30th birthday. Candidates will be selected by a Committee sitting in London, and no scholar will be elected without a personal interview. In exceptional cases the Selection Committee may recommend awards to candidates who are not University Graduates but who, in the opinion of the Committee, have other qualifications fitting them for the kind of study for which the Scholarships are designed. Full particulars and form of application, which should be submitted not later than February 20, 1951, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Scholarships, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E.C.4.

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Hoover Post-Graduate Studentship in Physics, Chemistry, Engineering or an allied subject, tenable from October 1, 1951, for two years. The Studentship, which is of the value of £275 a year, is open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University (students taking their Final Examination in June, 1951, are not eligible). Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom a form of application and further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of London. Post-Graduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for: (a) 40 Post-Graduate Studentships in any Faculty, each of the value of not less than £275 and tenable for one year. (b) George William Britt Junior Studentship in Physics, of the value of £100* and tenable for one year. (c) A number of Post-Graduate Travelling Studentships tenable for one year. Value of Studentship will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a) and (b) Graduates must be of more than three years standing; for Studentships under (c) Graduates must be under the age of 28. Applications for all above Studentships must be received not later than March 1, 1951. Forms and further particulars from Academic Registrar, Senate House, London, W.C.1. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Educ. may supplement up to a max. of £241.

## PERSONAL

PLAYERS (both sexes—amateur) wanted for 2nd cast of Unity's new revue success "Here Goes." Apply immediately in writing to Productions Organiser, Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

ACTORS (male—amateur) wanted for Unity's Festival of Britain production, "Word of the King," magnificent play of 1381 rising. Attend Sat. or Sun., Jan. 20 or 21, at Unity Theatre, 1 p.m. sharp.

ARTIST and wife offer furnished accom. with own kitchen in large Regency house in village. Rent free in return care two small boys afternoons. Would suit author and wife or artist who may like some tuition/criticism. Apply: Clifford-Smith, Bank House, Botesdale, Suffolk.

SPARE-time student (London) needs coaching B.A. (Honours) French (London Univ.) esp. essay, translation, etc. Box 666.

FAMILY home offered to normal child as companion girl nine, boy four. Comf. country house, staff kept. Herts, excellent local schools. Charge moderate. Craven, St. Vincent Farm, Nazeing, Essex.

## PERSONAL—continued

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FOLLOW the swallows to North Africa or the Balearic Islands. Ski in Austria, Switzerland or France. We will send you anywhere you want to go at reasonable cost. Write for brochures and information to Fairways & Swanford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214/5.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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FLATS, s/c., newly built and furn., in Georgian terrace in Bloomsbury. Two rooms, kit., bathroom. From 5gns. p.w. Also 2 maisonettes: 6 rms. 8gns. p.w. Box 661.

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UNITY, EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 21: Mario Casares in "Bagarres" (A). From Jan. 22: Daniele Delorme in "Gigi" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Jan. 21, 7.30. "Ray Bliss" (U) (French).

FILM Show and Travel Forum: Are you interested in holidays abroad? Come and see holiday films of Corsica, France, Italy and Austria. Travel experts will answer your questions. Kensington Town Hall, January 30, 6.30-10.30 p.m. Tickets, 2s. Apply to Erna Low, Personal Travel Service, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Jan. 21, 5 & 8.30. Conway Hall. Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Aleph String Quartet. Joan Dawney. Bloch Suite Pf. & Va.; Beethoven C. Op. 59, St. Qt. Schuman Pf. Qnt. Adm. 1s.

DOLMETSCH Concerts, Cowdray Hall, W.1. Jan. 26, at 6.30 & 27, at 3. Morley, 6s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Sec., Jesses, Haslemere or Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Pal Kadosa: String Quartet; Elisabeth Lutyens: String Quartet No. 3 (1st public performance in London); Alban Berg: Lyric Suite. The Vegh String Quartet. 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Wed. at 8: April Cantelo, Eilen MacGillavry, Jasp Spigt (Soprano, Flute, Harpsichord). Works by Purcell, Handel, Telemann, modern Dutch composers. Thurs. at 7.30: Fiona Greig. Piano sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven; Kreisleriana (Schumann). 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

LONDON Ensemble Singers, directed by Jani Strasser, and the Martin String Quartet, in a programme of rarely performed works, to-morrow Sat. Jan. 20, 7 p.m. Wigmore Hall. Tkts 3s., 6s., 9s. at Box Office.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Dance-Social, Saturday, Jan. 20, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Bank Licensed Bar for members. Adm. Members 2s. 6d., friends 3s. 6d., including refreshments.

GALA Dance. W.E.A. Cent. London Br., at "Westminsters Arms," 15 Page St., S.W.1. Sat., Jan. 27, 7.30. Ticket 4s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League: New Year's Dance, Caxton Hall. Red Lion Sq., 7.30-11 p.m., Sat., Jan. 20. Metronaires Band. Tickets 4s.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields); every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Central Australia by Sidney Nolan; Retrospective paintings by Sylvia Gosse; Watercolours by Vera Cuningham. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

FRENCH Paintings from the Burrell Collection, Arts Council Exhibition. New Exhibition Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Open till Jan. 20. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Art of Ancient Nigeria.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by James Hull, watercolours by Red Taylor, and original French lithographs.

RANDOLPH Schwabe Memorial Exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square. Open till Jan. 27. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

TWELVE Artists from Around St. Ives. Paintings, Sculpture and crafts. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MATTA (New Paintings) at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Jan. 17-Feb. 14. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Steet, W.1. Mobiles by Alexander Calder. Daily, 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of works by Gerda Green. Recent Pictures by Robin Ironside. Until February 10.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Marxist Ethics." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, January 21, 11 a.m.

BRITISH - Polish Friendship Society (LANgham 6593). Symposium on Adam Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest national Poet. Speakers: Professor Andrew Rothstein, Mr. R. Ainsztein, Chairman, Mr. A. Slonimski, Director of the Polish Cultural Institute. Friday, January 19, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All are welcome. Refreshments.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FABIAN Society fork lunches, National Trade Union Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. Jan. 24, 31, Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 14, 21, 12.45. Charge 2s. 3d., pay at the door. Speakers arranged: Sir Richard Acland, M.P.; Ian Mikardo, M.P.; Margaret Stewart; John Parker, M.P. Enquiries: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. WHI. 3077.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Miss Dorothy Woodman, Contributor of the "New Statesman," Editor of "Asian Horizon" on "Korea," Jan. 25, at 8 p.m., at Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Back Cumberland Hotel); non-members 1s. 6d.

INDIAN Independence Day: Friday, January 26. Public Meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Viscount Stansgate, Kingsley Martin, V. K. Krishna Menon. Songs by Anna Pollak and also Indian national songs. Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s., at The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Mon., Jan. 22, 7 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Labour Government and Economic Planning": Prof. T. Balogh. Adm. 1s. 6d.

PROKOFIEV'S opera "War and Peace"; lecture-recital by Alan Bush, with Ethel Lyon (soprano) and Gordon Holdam (baritone). Sun., Jan. 21, 8. Tkts, 3s. 6d. (members and students 2s. 6d.), from S.C.R. Music Cttee., 14 Kennington Sq., W.8, or at door.

STOP Rearming Germany! Emergency Conference for Action. Sun., Jan. 21, Rd., W.C.1. Apply immediately for credentials (2s. 6d.) and visitors' tickets (6d.). London Peace Council, 58 New Compton St., W.C.2. TEM. 2264.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Jan. 21, Dr. Hermann Bondi: "Thoughts on the Universe." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

"LONDON Discoveries." A lecture will be given by Charles L. Hard, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, January 22, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 27 at 6 p.m. Señor Juan P. Fabregas: "Desenvolvimiento economico-social en la America Latina."

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MAJOR E. J. Langford Garstin on "The Doctrine of the Fall According to Qabalah," Jan. 26, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15. All welcome.

FENNER Brockway, M.P., R. W. S. Pollard, Cllr. C. Wegg-Prosser speak at Small Porchester Hall, Paddington, Wed., January 24, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

"DIET and Fasting as Aids to Health." Dr. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Monday, January 22, 7.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 23, at 7.45 p.m., Dr. C. R. Woodard, speaking on "Czechoslovakia and World Peace." Chair: Dr. Hugh Price. All invited. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m., Jan. 23, A. D. Howell Smith: "Who Were the Witches?" Adm. free. Collection.

"THE Existence of God," a series of 4 important conferences by Rev. Fr. T. Corbishley, S.J., will be held at Farm St. Church, W.1., each Wednesday in January at 6 p.m. You cannot afford to miss this!

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thurs., 7.30 p.m., Jan. 25: "Spiritual Consciousness and Its Unfoldment."

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., Jan. 21 at 7.45, 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema bus stop). Dora Russell on "Peace with China."

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance: Wed., Jan. 24. Moya Woodside on "The Psychological Aspect of Sterilization." Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Admission free.

EX-SERVICE Men. Are you in touch with the Ex-Service Men's Anti-War Group? Hyde Park Meetings, Sundays, January 21 & 28. Hons. Sec., 21 Canonbury Grove, N.1.

SOVIET Intellectual Life Since the War: Clyde St., Glasgow. Speaker, J. Miller, M.A., joint editor "Soviet Studies," Scottish Society Philosophy Section.

JON Kimche, well-known writer and journalist, will speak on "Israel and the Diaspora" at a Public Meeting arranged by World Jewish Congress Youth Group (Cent. London Br.), Wed., Jan. 24, 8.15, at Congress House, 55 New Cavendish St., W.1.

AIR-Chief Marshal Lord Dowding will be lecturing on "The Immortality of Man" in Jan. 22, at 7 p.m. All are welcome.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PERSONALIST Group. Comparative Psychological Study No. 1. Adler-Freud. Lecture-Discussion between Dr. Joshua Bierer (Adler) and Dr. Otto Friedmann, M.Sc. (Freud). Question Master: Robert George Miles. Conway Hall, Tues. Jan. 23, 7.45. Adm. free, collection.

ANGLO-Austrian Society, Lecture by Ernst Lothar, January 25, postponed owing to illness.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed. Jan. 24, 6.30. "The Basic Principles of Theravada Buddhism." Miss I. B. Horner.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. January 21: Reincarnation.

SHAW Soc.: Hubert Humphreys on Shaw Tit-bits. 57 Dean St., W.1. Jan. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems., 2s. Details: 45, Steplestone Close, N.18.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GEORGE Bernard Shaw memorial lectures. February 20, 27, March 6. Central Hall, S.W.1. 7.15 p.m. "Our Debt to Shaw." Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Prof. C. E. M. Joad, Benn W. Levy. Series tickets, price 5s., from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Single tickets—not reserved, 2s. 6d. at the door.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "The Dramas of Mr. T. S. Eliot" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric: Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., Jan. 22 to 25. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

TWO series of 6 lects.: I "The Symphony" by Robert Simpson, starts Jan. 24. 2. Jan. 25, "The Modern Novel," by John Skipp, starts Burroughs, N.W.4. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for list.

INTEGRATION of Europe. Special conference at Arnold House, Brighton, Jan. 26-28. European Unity—Why? Prof. George Catlin. Co-operation of Sovereign States? Dennis Healey; A Supra-national Authority? F. L. Josephy; The Implications for Britain, Antony Crosland; Council of Europe—and the Future, R. W. G. Mackay. Chairman: C. R. M. Joad. Progressive League. Enquire: 43, West Park, S.E.9.

VACATION Course on Wool. International Wool Secretariat. Monday, April 2, to Friday, April 6, 1951 (inclusive), at the L.C.C. Technical College for the Distributive Trades, London, W.C.2. A non-residential day course arranged by the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat for men and women teachers of history, geography, economics, commerce, arts and crafts, science and domestic science in Primary and Secondary Schools, Technical Schools, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Teachers' Training Colleges, etc. Lectures, supported by films and film-strips, will be given on: Wool Growing; Wool Marketing; Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture; History and Geography of Wool; Cloth Construction and Judgement; Science of the Wool Fibre—including recent technical developments; Development of Fashions in Wool. There will also be simple laboratory work and demonstrations of hand-spinning, handloom weaving, etc. A certificate will be awarded to students who complete the course satisfactorily. Fee 10s. 6d. For further details and forms of application apply to: P. A. Wells, M.Sc., F.Inst.P., Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., S.W.1.

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## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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